

# MACLEAN'S

A full-page illustration of a winter night scene. In the foreground, a person is walking through a snowy field. In the middle ground, there is a small, rustic cabin with a chimney, surrounded by tall evergreen trees. The sky is dark blue and filled with many small white stars, suggesting a clear night.

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# MacLean's Magazine

Vol. XXV

Toronto, December 1912

No. 2



*The Editors*  
*Wish Their Readers*  
*A Bright and*  
*Happy Christmas*



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W. H. THOMPSON  
DRAWING

"Then he lifted the lid and held the lantern close. At the sight of what lay there, everything in the world seemed to stop."  
—The Ghost of Ebbw Vale, Page 65.

# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXV

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## The National Political Situation

By Edward William Thomson

These monthly reviews of the political situation are attracting attention of business and professional men right across Canada and are being read abroad. We are receiving many letters concerning them. While the majority commend our enterprise, some express surprise, knowing as they do the anti-reciprocity, high protection views always held by Colonel Maclean, the owner of the Magazine. They cannot see why he should give space to the presentation of other opinions. Colonel Maclean regards his various publications as national institutions, not private corporations, and has therefore given place to the views of men and women whose position or ability entitled them to respect and consideration so matter how widely he differed from or how strongly his newspapers were combating their views. In the following pages some vital topics are dealt with. This is the most important contribution we have yet received from Mr. Thomson.

THE mechanical exigencies of magazine publication compel printing of contents long before issue. Hence "MacLean's" readers, before perusing this, will have seen Parliament assembled at Ottawa, read the Speech from the Throne, received some knowledge of Premier Borden's "Navy" policy, learned something of his designs concerning Tariff, Railways, Bank Act Revision, etc., and found Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his followers fearing that Ministers are incompetent. Such advantage over conditions in which I must write will enable strict party men—those plastic mortals who pattern their minds on their leaders—to judge with rebuke or commendation, the hereby expressed opinion that Mr.

Borden is too prudent to propose anything wondrously novel. Last month we considered here the propriety of letting well enough alone in a business situation that pretty much everybody in Canada would like to conserve. From enquiry in Ottawa, I judge that the Premier and his Finance Minister, who are the principal Ministers, just as those of their predecessors were in Sir Wilfrid's long Government, are too wise to intend startling changes. This seems to be the opinion or forecast of the Opposition, since their organs have lately given much space to declarations that even the new "navy" policy will resemble the old one so closely that credit for both should accrue to Sir Wilfrid! Also, they attribute the continuing

prosperity to retention of the Fielding tariff. They intimate that almost everything in every department has been going on, and will proceed pretty much as before the change of administration. This ought to delight them as evidence that Liberals in office were so wise that their doings and policies can't be changed notably by Tories! Yet opposition certificates to this effect are usually written in a taunting strain! Meantime, Independents are, fortunately, free to credit the Cabinet with praiseworthy prudence. Did not Opposition critics understand that the factors of Canada's policy are the various permanent institutions and interests of the country, which change very slowly in their mutual interdependence, and which necessarily so influence or control Ministries that it does not matter much what party is in office at Ottawa. This impression is now very perceptible in the public mind. Canadians in general wish to be let alone, to be spared political excitements, that they may the more closely attend to their private concerns. Mr. Borden appears aware of this politically-asphetic condition of the electors, and unlikely to jeopardize his Ministry by acting as Disturber of the Peace.

#### TARIFF COMMISSION.

There has been, for instance, during months before the Session's opening, reason to believe that the Finance Minister does not mean to revive that project for a permanent Tariff Commission which he broached last session, when new to office. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his chief supporters then protested against the design. They told Mr. White that he could serve every good purpose he had in view by organizing and maintaining in his Department a staff of permanent enquiry into the workings of the tariff and the interaction of its schedules. They alleged that a separate and largely independent Commission could not but be or appear powerful over the Tariff, wherefore ministerial responsibility for changes would be, or at least appear to be, impaired. Many other equally sound ob-

jections were urged. These appear to have so impressed Mr. White that he has modified the project. Surely this indicates wisdom in him. A mind open to instruction by information, experience, reflection is the right mind for administration. Only Fools and Bourbons forget nothing and learn nothing. Under which of these categories shall be ranged speakers and writers who may be found taunting or reproaching Mr. White for amiably accepting counsel from that undeniably wise man, Sir Wilfrid? Politeness forbids the querist to reply. In this matter we Canadians can congratulate ourselves that the Government inclines to leave well enough alone. This seems to ensure continuance of the Fielding tariff, with such slight modifications as its judicious conceiver was himself in the habit of making from time to time, to suit changes in circumstances.

#### NAVY AND COAST DEFENCE.

If Mr. Borden proposes to contribute thirty millions, or some other handsome donation, to the London Government, for naval use, will that be a tremendous departure from a let well enough alone policy? Surely the answer must depend on what information he shall supply concerning reasons for the gift. Some weeks ago it appeared that there might be absurdity in alleging Great Britain to face such an "emergency" as could make a great money vote in her aid incumbent on Canadians. There was then no new emergency; the old one was but getting more and more understood. Individual definitions of "emergency" then moulded individual Canadian opinions. Some could not interpret the word to signify anything that did not bounce up suddenly, as a whale emerges, with prodigious splash. There wasn't any such jump from Germany, for instance. There was merely the steady, long-noted, scientific, implacable yearly ascent into dangerous importance of not only the Emperor William's sea power, but that of a number of other Potentates and Republics. In view thereof Canadian apathy somewhat re-

ssembled that of a young pioneer in old Indian-haunted times, who continued calmly plowing in conviction that when Indians came they'd surely race out of the surrounding woods whooping. He could not believe his own eyes when they told him that yonder top-knots and paint-streaked countenances and stealthy half-hidden objects crawling toward him and his father from all skirts of the clearing were really Indians bent on taking white scalps. He didn't realize the emergency, and run to hand his father a good gun, because the coming enemy didn't run in yelling! It seems but as yesterday that the Turks were similarly unaware of any new emergency. Their situation seemed to their inattentive gaze about the same as at any time the past century or three centuries. Up sprang a recognizable emergency. Within five weeks their beaten braves were huddled in desperate Constantinople. Now it is perfectly conceivable, in view of dirigibles, aeroplanes, and submarines, that the remnants of Great Britain's forces might be as speedily huddled in a desperate London. Prudence is no lay fatalistic Turk. It takes warning to heart. It gets ready to repel the possible worst. That is why many an emergency may not emerge, or may harmlessly vanish.

#### LUMP SUM TALK.

Giving Great Britain a handsome lump sum for naval purposes may be made obnoxious to many Canadians, if it be proposed and defended on obnoxious grounds. What sense in trying to tie any sort of string to the money? That might be to drag Canada after her cash. Did Mr. Borden stipulate that the gift should imply Canada's retaining any kind of control of its expenditure by London, then our political freedom might be impaired. An amply sufficient defence of the contemplated cash vote resides in our long obligation to Great Britain's sea-power, our obvious interest in its full continuance or increase, our natural affection for

kinsmen in the gap, those on whom the greatest brunt of war from continental European enviers or enemies must necessarily fall. The Old Home is the Citadel of all who speak English, French, or any other tongue in this Dominion. If Love and Gratitude were not enough reason for voting thirty millions to keep up England's floating battlements, even as those sentiments warranted Laurier in granting the trade preference, then self-interest would be sufficient. While the Old Country's sea-power remains what it has been since Napoleon's time, we Canadians shan't have to either provide us with very costly armaments against possible invasion from Europe or Japan, or else beg to be included in the friendly neighboring Republic. But to implicate Canada newly in Great Britain's wars, to obligate ourselves newly, by any sort of novel political bond, to subordinate our country newly, on pretence that it may be possible to obtain a voice in London councils by a gift to England's navy—that would be abhorrent to many Canadians, no matter how pleasing to some. Here again the let well enough alone policy seems wisest. The almost perfectly voluntary nature of our cherished connection with the Old Country can be perfectly retained by voting the money freely, asking nothing in return, leaving London wholly unhampered by any sort of Canadian claim to "a voice." Thus the generous sense of Family Union in members of the Voluntary Empire would be signalized, and mankind taught anew that the bonds of language, affection, common history, law and ideals are powerful to open community purses, and—truly the only bonds that ever did or ever can bind far separated Nations to common actions.

#### COAST DEFENCE.

Respecting armaments Canada's proper obligations are of two quite distinct sorts—the obligation of self-defence, and that of aiding Great Bri-

tain and other Homes of "the breed," in whose independence and power we cannot but be concerned materially as well as sentimentally. If Mr. Borden enable us to fulfill the latter obligation by some millions given to the Admiralty in such wise that we shall be under no sort of expressed or implied engagement to vote more, save at our own sole will, then the ground will have been well cleared for considering self-protection. In that problem no reasonable person includes consideration of defence against the United States. No need to go into the reasons. Enough that no Dominion Government has ever acted as if need for such defence did or could exist. A few years ago equally small need appeared for providing coast defence against possible invasion from Europe or Asia, particularly Japan. In those times England's fleet roved and virtually dominated all seas. Also, no other naval Power was formidable enough to seem dangerous. Moreover, defences for shores could then be speedily improvised. Again, standard weapons were not then highly specialized, they could be quickly obtained by our young men if needed, those possessed by formal armies were not such as to warrant any invader in imagining he could march far into any country fairly defended by rifles in the hands of hardy volunteers. All this has been changed. Even as armed revolution by rifles and barricades has been made impracticable by the superiority of trained soldiers and their terrific highly specialized weapons, so defence by rifles has gone past. Hence our coast cities and coal mines, which might serve an invader as bases, require modern armaments capable of standing off raids from the sea, which operations might develop into hostile occupation, or the execution of large indemnities. There is good reason to believe that Mr. Borden contemplates establishment of the needed forces, ship-yards, docks, forts, great guns, submarines, torpedo and floating mines stations on our Atlantic and Pacific shores. Respecting these he seems likely to make some permanent

agreement with Great Britain, one by which her ships might have the use or advantage, but not the control of our defence provisions.

Unless I am misinformed, the Premier, while in England, tentatively arranged for all this with the London Government, and devised ingeniously for the up-keep of meditated Canadian works. What if his intended plant for construction, etc., were to be utilized not for Canadian vessels and repairs only, but also for building, shelter, and repair of Old Country armed ships to be employed in adjacent oceans? The desire for "a Canadian Navy built in Canadian yards of Canadian materials" might be importantly subserved by "custom work" from the Old Country fleets. We could turn out our own craft the cheaper for being enabled to maintain many artificers engaged frequently on Great Britain's behalf. In connection with this good plan, and with the whole matter of co-operation for both coast-defence and the Family sea-supply, a political arrangement not involving Canada in any new subordination is believed to be in contemplation. What if a representative of Canada, possibly a Minister of the Ottawa Cabinet, were delegated to continuous membership in the Imperial Council of Defence? He might reside mostly in London, and be charged to keep Ottawa confidentially informed of everything considered or intended in that Council. It is not representative in the elective sense. It includes all the principal statesmen, soldiers and sailors of the Old Country, assembled on occasion that they may consider all manner of foreign affairs submitted by the London Government, and advise respecting armaments in view of changing circumstances. By a permanent member in that great council, Canada might be well served, yet committed to participation in nothing of which her Government, Parliament and people would not approve. This project is but little out of line with former plans of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It should have few terrors for those who detest schemes

for centralizing the Empire Yet it ought to please those who conceive co-operation to be advance on the way to Imperial Federation.

Mr. Monk's resignation does not yet appear to have been caused by dislike of the Premier's design to keep a Canadian on the Council of Defence. That most honorable man went out because he had entered the Cabinet in erroneous belief or hope that Mr. Borden would submit his Sea-and-Coast-Defence programme to the electors, per referendum or plebiscite, before its final approval by parliament. He has not asserted that the Premier pledged himself to that course. Possibly he retired because he detested the labors of the Public Works Department. He himself said privately, not three months after taking the portfolio, that it burdened him, kept him from books, study, meditation, everything pleasant to his nature. Mr. Monk is no common washbuckler of politics, such as can be elevated and dignified by office, but a scholar, thinker, lover of literature, always inclined to privacy, one who was in public life from self-sacrificing desire to serve his country. Probably much more importance has been attributed by others to his resignation than by himself. Analogously, unwarranted significance has been attached, by contrary partisans, to the bye-elections in Macdonald and in Richelieu. In each "the Dutch took Holland." In both the ministerial candidates polled more votes than at the general elections last year. But the defeat of an Independent who was personally disapproved by Macdonald and Liberals disclosed little or nothing concerning Manitoban opinion on reciprocity. And the reduction of Richelieu's Liberal majority evinced but the usual apathy of Canadian voters in bye-elections.

#### DILEMMA OF RECIPROCIARIANS.

What must embarrass the friends of reciprocity is the prodigious triumph of Mr. Wilson and the Democrats in the Presidential election. This cannot mean

less than that the winners, who have never before since the Civil War possessed at once the House, the Senate and the Presidency, can now establish that "tariff for revenue only" from advocating which they have never flinched. They cannot be supposed unlikely to abolish or greatly reduce customs taxes on U. S. importations of grains, woods, ores, fish, and all raw materials. If they do so our West must obtain what his people appear mostly to desire. This would make ashes of the reciprocity "poet." It cannot be judicious for the Opposition to tie themselves anew to a scheme of reciprocity which seems likely to become superfluous. Will not Washington repeal the Reciprocity Act as obstructive to new legislation? Will not Canada's reasonable course be to annul the reformed U. S. tariff before materially changing our own? Ample occasion for party difference here will then surely arise from considering whether we ought to reciprocate any U. S. reduction of taxes on our raw exports, or reply by export taxes in endeavor to retain our natural products for domestic manufacture.

To gain time for consideration of the coming U. S. trade policy both of our political parties may be seduced by the Government's probable intention to refrain from a Redistribution of Representation Act this session. The B.N.A. Act, Canada's constitution, specifies "On the completion of the Census" in the year 1871, "and of each subsequent decennial Census," the representation of the Provinces "shall be readjusted," etc. But when is a Census completed? That of 1911 has long been advanced far enough to enable Parliament to effect Redi-tribution. But Sir Wilfrid Laurier did not redistribute on the census of 1901 before a lapse of two years. True, he had not to deal with a census that changed the proportionate representation of provinces as greatly as does that of 1911. Nor was there in 1903 a great region at once opposed to the Ministry and entitled to large additional representation. It appeared in Oc-

tober that the Opposition would vehemently contend that Canada's circumstances require a Redistribution Act this session, passage of which would furnish Alberta and Saskatchewan with fresh reason for proclaiming themselves aggrieved, inasmuch as such Act would emphatically show them lacking their due M. P.'s. Now, November's triumph of the U. S. Democrats seems likely to have furnished Sir Wilfrid with reason for quietly consenting to postponement of Redistribution. Saskatchewan and Albertans cannot but perceive that were such Act passed now, it would be injudicious for them to allege grievance by delay of a general election that neither of our political parties can much wish to bring on before Congress shall have remodelled the U. S. tariff.

#### FEDERALISM VS. PROVINCIALISM.

There is reason to believe that the Borden Government mean to proceed in some important matters—such as the promotion of smooth highways, and of agriculture—on the old "John A. MacDonald conservative" principle that the federal power is in every sense entitled to further, independently of the provincial powers, any good work which the B. N. A. Act empowers Ottawa to perform. Some absurd results come of the payment of last session's federal agricultural grants to provincial authorities hostile to the Ottawa Ministry. I

have it from undeniable authority that in one anti-Borden province the agricultural grant was not only reserved by the local ministry for anti-Borden constituencies only, but the electors were told that even the Borden Government could not trust its provincial friends to spend the money honestly, wherefore it was handed over to Liberals for distribution! That was "campaigning down to the ground!" But any set of the lower sort of politicians will say or do almost anything at election times in the way of unpalatable ingenious rascality. It would seem reasonable to hold that the federal authority cannot be wrong in resolving to do independently whatever it is entitled constitutionally to do. Many good Canadians never were or could be devotees of that extreme "provincial rights" doctrine which the Liberal Opposition appeared to favor last session, which the Conservatives worshipped when opposing the "new provinces" Acts in 1906, and for which each party professes reverence when out of power at Ottawa. The "federal rights" principle is dear to Canadians who dislike parochialism. Under it Premier Borden seems likely to do some very useful interesting things, which can be discussed later in "Maclean's." This contribution has already run beyond the writer's stipulated space.

### To Welcome Fliers on Roof

Philadelphia soon will be the first city on the continent to have a hotel equipped appropriately to receive guests who may arrive at the hostelry in aeroplanes. On top of the main portion of the structure, a score or more stories above the street and higher than the top of any other building in the vicinity, there has been erected a commodious landing platform, upon which all forms of aerial craft will be capable of alighting with perfect safety.

The platform is one hundred feet in length and fifty feet in width, with a portable section which can be added to

make it eighty feet longer if desired. Around the edges are a series of buffers, composed of ropes weighted here and there with sandbags to catch a plane should an aviator be unable to check its momentum in time to prevent a plunge to the street level.

Another feature which will make the hotel unique, and which will be added in the near future, will be two elevators capable of handling the largest automobiles and connected with a roadway running around a portion of the roof, so that an aviator may step directly into his car.

## The Silk Stockings

By Temple Bailey

Sometimes all that is required to make a story is a single incident. It need not be a very unusual one, either—that depends somewhat on the characters involved in it. That is what we have in this story by one of the most successful American writers. "A little white slip of a thing"—a salesgirl—gets six pairs of silk stockings. That is the incident; out of it is evolved a little story of business life—direct, simple, earnest; one that cannot fail to interest and influence the reader.

UP TO THE TIME that Crassus Plain bought six pairs of silk stockings over the counter of his own huge department store from a little white slip of a thing with frightened eyes, the Recording Angel had made few black marks on the page of his soul's history.

But when Crassus asked, "May I send them to you?" and looked at the palpitating little salesgirl with eyes that held a meaning, the Recording Angel set down these words, underscored and emphasized, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" for Crassus Plain stood high in church circles and passed the plate on Sundays.

There were six pairs of stockings, as I have said, all black, but black with a difference, for on two of them pink rose-buds riotied over the instep, on two more forget-me-knots were intertwined, and the wickedest pair of all had red heels.

And the little white slip of a thing, whose name was Mary, shivered and shook as she put them into a box, and said, "Hush," to her country-trained conscience, and with her lips, "How kind you are!" Then she addressed the box to Grandma, because she did not want the bundle-wrappers and the cash-girls to know that they were hers.

Now Grandma was not Mary's real

grandmother; she was simply a little old lady who lived across the hall in the same shabby tenement, and kept house for her daughter's son, who was young and strong and the last of his race, and who had the grace to realize his obligation to keep Grandma out of the poor-house.

When Mary reached home that night, Grandma was at her door. "I guess there's a mistake!" and she dangled the wicked red heels before Mary's eyes. "Nobody would send me silk stockings." "They're mine," Mary said steadily. "It isn't a mistake."

"Well, they're real pretty, dearie," Grandma quavered. Her heart was like lead. Only once had Mary spoken of Crassus Plain. He had asked her to lunch with him and to ride afterwards in his automobile. Mary had said, "No." But now—surely Mary's four dollars a week could not compose silk stockings at four dollars a pair?

Mary gathered up her gay trophies and went across the hall to her own room. Grandma sighed, and the sigh seemed to beat against Mary's closed door. But it remained closed while Mary got out a box of crackers and a bit of bacon and a frying-pan, and spread a napkin on a corner of the table. As she worked, she had a vision of another

table—pink-lighted with wax candles, with a glitter of glass and silver, and of herself in a crystal-banded gown of white tissue which she had seen on the third floor of Cressus's big store. The face of the man on the other side of the table was blurred. It was not of him that Mary thought, but of the things that he could give her. She thought of a set of ermine, of a gold-meshed bag, of a sapphire-studded bracelet, of a diamond star—how wonderful they had seemed in the store—how much more wonderful to wear them!

Grandma's voice brought her back to realities.

"I've got a nice hot supper, dearie," she said. "You come over."

Mary stood in the open door. She was white and slim, and straight as a forest pine, and young enough to please even Cressus Plain.

"I'm not hungry," she said, for, with that pink-candled vision, what to her was a pot boiling on the back of Grandma's stove?

"You come," Grandma pleaded. "Bob can't get home till late; and I am alone."

So Mary put away her frying-pan and tucked the stockings out of sight and went over to Grandma's room, where the clean curtains shut out the spring twilight, and shut in a lamp-lighted picture of comfort. A bird sang in a little gold cage; there was a rag-carpet on the floor, a geranium in the window, and on the round black stove the dinner-pot boiled and bubbled.

And when they had partaken of the good food, Grandma brought out a basket of socks and sat on one side of the lamp while Mary sat on the other and they talked of Mary's day.

But not a word did Mary say of Cressus Plain. And so her story was like French history with Napoleon left out; or a Norse legend without the Vikings; or a fairy tale without Prince Charming; or Red Riding Hood without the Wolf!

And Grandma knew it.

So presently she began to talk of

Grandpa. "The spring makes me think of him."

There was silence after that. Mary's mind was on the crystal tissue and the diamond star; Grandma's, on the old-fashioned garden and a young lover's vows.

"On such a night," Grandma dreamed aloud, "I said 'yes,' and we were always poor, but we were always happy."

Mary looked at her across the nimbus of the lamp's glow. "Nobody is poor and happy in these days."

"He picked a bunch of the first violets. I have them yet in my Bible," sighed Ancient Romance.

"And he left you to die in the poor-house," was the unspoken challenge of Modern Sophistication.

Then Bob came in hungry. He nodded to Mary, and flushed with boyish self-consciousness.

Grandma served a big dish of the stew. Bob had a little bunch of wild violets. He handed them to Mary. "I picked them," he said. "They grow on a bank behind the foundry."

Mary pinned them to her blouse, and the vision of the diamond star and the crystal tissue faded.

Grandma watched the pair. Then she questioned, "Why don't you two take a walk? Mary looks white from staying in."

When they had gone Grandma nodded alone in the dimness. The curtains flapped in the warm spring wind. The bird tucked his head under his wing and slept. The noise in the streets came up faintly.

In the Park, facing the river, Bob and Mary sat and looked at the golden lights above the water and at the little moon above the lights. Then Bob said, "I love you, little Mary," and Mary answered, "Don't—You may kiss me once, Bob—dear; but I couldn't be poor."

And Bob went home later, bitter and bruised, and hating his poverty.

And the next morning Grandma tied on her little plain bonnet and shabby old shawl, and, in some Providence-protected way, reached the West Side and Cressus Plain's store.

Now Cressus's door was closed more strictly than the gates of Heaven against such as Grandma.

"You can't see him," said the office-boy, and everybody else to whom Grandma applied.

"Well, at least, you'll let me rest," said Grandma; and because she smiled when she said it, the office-boy smiled back, as everybody else smiled when Grandma looked at them.

And when Cressus Plain came out a little later, he saw Grandma smiling, and he stopped and asked, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"You can give me ten minutes of your time," and grandma stood up in her plain little bonnet and her shabby old shawl and was ushered into Cressus Plain's private office.

And when they were alone, she opened the box that she carried, and laid on Cressus's desk a pair of silk stockings with red heels, and a pair with rose-buds on the instep, and a pair on which forget-me-nots were intertwined. Then she looked at Cressus Plain, and he turned red and white.

And he muttered, "I didn't mean anything."

"If you don't mean anything," said Grandma tartly, "stop doing it!"

Thus was the great Cressus Plain assigned like a schoolboy before Grandma, who had, as you might say, one foot in the poorhouse!

"Stop doing it," said Grandma again, "and let her marry the boy who loves her."

"I thought I'd give her a good time," said Cressus Plain.

"A good time for a girl like Mary ought to mean youth and love. When it means anything else, it is because some old man has forgotten the things his mother taught him."

There was a mirror opposite Cressus's desk, and it showed a man well set up, well groomed, and well preserved, so Cressus frowned at Grandma's adjective, and then he laughed, and with that laugh the evil spirit which had possessed him fled.

"If all women were like you, we wouldn't forget," he said gallantly.

"And now"—Grandma rose and pushed the stockings towards Cressus Plain—"how will this affect little Mary?"

Cressus Plain rose also. "If you mean that I'll take it out on her," he flamed, "I'll have you know that I may be a fool, but I am not a cad."

Grandma held out her hand. "All men are fools," she said, but she said it smiling, so Cressus forgave her.

Then he made her go to lunch with him. And he told her about his mother, and they parted wistfully.

And when Mary married Bob, Cressus Plain sent her a wedding present, not of silk stockings, but of good table-linen and flat silver and solid, substantial furniture, such as a father gives his daughter.

And whether Mary lived happily ever after or not, she at least lived richly—richly, and perhaps the Recording Angel divided the credit between Cressus and Grandma, but I like to think that he gave it all to Grandma.



## A Christmas Carol

George Trufford Baily

Tents pitched—deep in the desert drear,  
Away from Cities, far,  
As streamed a light through the velvet night,  
Three pilgrims saw a Star.

A star of purest, pulsing light,  
And glistening as a gem,  
With steadfast blaze its shimmering rays  
Beckoned to Bethlehem.

And, as that radiant lamp illumed  
The path these pilgrims trod,  
It went before and rested o'er  
The cradled Son of God.

With calm, unresting steps they traced  
The star-directed way,  
And so came where, in manger bare,  
The Infant Jesus lay.

Fast clasped in Virgin Mary's arms,  
The Saviour Child they found,  
'Neath Angels' wing—and, worshipping,  
Fell prostrate on the ground.

So was the miracle achieved,  
Which hallowed Jesus' birth,  
In radiance bright, that wintry night,  
God sent His Son on Earth.

That He should lead us in The Way—  
That He should be our Guide—  
That He should give, that Man might live,  
His Life—Christ crucified.

Oh! let this Sacrifice inspire  
Our hearts—so will we reign,  
In full accord with our Dear Lord,  
Who died to live again.



Yachts in the New York to Bermuda boat race.

## Advantages of Winter Travel

By Lewis W. Clemens

Canadians are rapidly awakening to a realization of the advantages of winter travel. They no longer spend all of their year's vacation in the summer or in Canada; in increasing numbers they are holidaying in winter and abroad. In order to do so many forego a couple of weeks' holidays one year to get a month or six weeks the next. And it pays in health, pleasure and education, as this article shows.

NOT long ago a big business house in the United States made an interesting proposal. It worked out also to be a novel experiment. The proposition concerned holidays in general and employees in particular. In a word it was "winter vacations."

One can readily imagine the consternation which was caused among the hundred or more employees of that firm by the mere suggestion that they should take their annual outings in winter rather than in summer. Even at the outset it was received with indignation and the more the question was discussed the stronger grew the opposition. So strenuous were the objections, in fact, that there seemed little possibility of the firm carrying out its plan.

And yet the firm had acted in good faith. It was simply endeavoring to make vacations a sound investment for its workers. From the standpoint of education, pleasure and health it had studied the question and had come to a deliberate decision. And it merely wished its employees to profit by its investigation.

When the matter came to be argued calmly the workers began to see that the firm had their interests at heart after all, that the proposal had not been made with a view to effecting a reduction in operating expenses, and that there were numerous signal advantages attaching to winter vacations which presented features of actual merit. And so employers and employees got to-





The Sphinx

gether in an effort to deal with the issue in a businesslike way.

As an outcome many of the employees of this firm are now taking their annual holiday outings in winter rather than in summer. Of course there are still many who insist on being relieved

winter as well as summer in the planning of vacations, both for themselves and their assistants. It is surprising to what extent we have been creatures of habit in the past in the arrangement of our outings. For some reason which is not obvious we have all endeavored

in summer, but even these are ready to admit that the winter season also has its advantages and that possibly in the course of a year or two they too may be enlisted among its enthusiastic recreative patrons.

The action of this firm may serve to direct attention to the growing tendency of business men to consider

to time our holidays for the summer season, with its intense heat, congested railway traffic and crowded resorts. We have been content, and indeed in many cases delighted, to repair to some popular centre under these conditions and to pass our time of leisure as best we might, returning in the course of a couple of weeks or more—little refreshed in mind or body, and if the truth be told, glad to again settle down to the regular routine of daily toil. The fact of the matter is we take our vacation in summer simply because other people do, regardless of our own comforts and inclinations, and at a sacrifice



Among ruins of the ancient world.

of many of the advantages which the period of rest should bring to us. What an absurd practice in a matter of such vital importance.

But in considering the advantages of winter vacations it is perhaps unnecessary to dwell on the disadvantages of summer ones. All will admit that the



The City of Calix.



View of Moenab



An entire party in the American South.

Canadian summer offers many opportunities for delightful outings. Yet it is not true to an extent at least that some of these can be taken even without vacation? It is comparatively easy for the average person to spend week-ends in the country; in short trips by auto, rail or water, to experience something of the joys of summer sports; or even in the crowded cities to enjoy the parks with their varied and interesting attractions. Summer, indeed, whether or not a person is blessed with holidays, affords ample time and chance for pleasant outings—for recreation without holidays. But in winter how changed are the conditions when the weather is cold and frequently wet and persons are content to confine themselves within doors. Yet this above all other periods is the one in which they should seek outings in order that the supposed dreary winter months may be brighten-

ed with holiday pleasures and that their health may be benefited by the experience.

There are, it should be admitted, two or three prime considerations which must receive attention before a winter vacation is contemplated. At the outset the question of time is an important factor. The usual run of summer vacations for persons of ordinary means is two or three weeks. The more independent can readily take longer provided they are able to absent themselves from business responsibilities. Two weeks is scarcely long enough to do justice to a winter trip which might lead one to tropical regions or even farther abroad. Still this difficulty can frequently be overcome when the question is seriously considered. The firm we have already mentioned, in order to popularize winter vacations, gave its employees a bonus of an extra week, pro-



Members of Hunt Club and hounds in the Southern States.

vided they followed its suggestion — three weeks in winter or two in summer. Again many young Canadians have been aided in making trips abroad by foregoing two weeks' holidays one year and taking a month or more the next. Then, too, there is the item of expense which in the case of extended winter trips is somewhat larger than in shorter summer outings. But after all this is not so serious as the uninitiated

ones of whatever benefits may be derived from the operation. And yet when they come to ponder over the situation they are usually agreed that the main advantages of all sorts of travel should be pleasure, health and education. Of course the order in which these are intimated will vary in accordance with the tastes or wishes of the individuals. The pleasure-seeker will think of little else save pleasure, the sickly one will go



A view of Nice.

would imagine and the pleasures and benefits derived are quite worth the additional outlay. But in general more time and money are required for winter vacations than for summer, particularly if the line of travel be extended.

#### ADVANTAGES OF WINTER TRAVEL.

Apart from these considerations, however, the advantages of winter travel are most striking and altogether noteworthy. It may be interesting to classify them. Most people travel unconsci-

ously in search of health, while the student will emphasize the educative value of the journey. But in general the three points epitomize the advantages of travel. What then may be said of them in so far as winter travel is concerned?

If one would enjoy pleasure the year round in the way of timely outings winter-travel is indispensable. In order to be of the highest benefit pleasure should be well sustained; rather than all being crowded into any one season it should



The Morro Castle, Havana.

he extended over the course of the whole year. As has been pointed out summer affords many opportunities for side trips over holidays and week-ends without any extended vacation. But in the winter time it is otherwise, for ordinarily there are few chances of travel, and as the weather is usually severe, people forego the little outings which tend to keep them in proper spirits. In consequence the majority take all of their pleasure in the summer, when they need it least, and none in the winter, when they are most in need of it. How much better it would be from every standpoint, but particularly from that of pleasure, to take some recreation in the way of trips in winter as well as in summer, thus apportioning the year's allowance over the entire period? It would mean well-balanced holidays. Nor would that be all, for such a plan would also lead to new forms of pleasure—and in new fields. In pleasure, as in all other things, one seeks variety.

A winter's vacation would not carry one to old familiar haunts, to which people have gone for many years and with which one is familiar, but to new scenes abroad, where all is new, where there is a contrast in life and conditions, and where even the climate proves a pleasant variation from that which the traveler has forsaken. What better facilities could one desire?

There are still some people who take vacations merely for the pleasure to be derived from them, little thinking of the benefits which might accrue in the way of health. Usually such persons have always enjoyed health. But in the case of those who are sickly the vacation problem assumes new proportions, and indeed, added importance. With them the main reason for taking a vacation is the improvement of their health. Canadians find little difficulty in enjoying the open air treatment in summer, but few have yet hazarded the practice in winter. Instead, in the win-

ter,—the period of closed windows, artificial heat, and severe weather—they remain indoors, much to the detriment of their health. And thus it is that it has become increasingly the custom for physicians to advise winter vacations abroad, where conditions for outdoor life will be more favorable and health more readily restored. Many a Canadian businessman, who has undergone a breakdown as the result of excessive work without holidays for some years, has owed his restoration to health and strength to a winter spent abroad which has given him precisely the relaxation he required. The "rest cure," it has been called, and it certainly works.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the educational advantages to be derived from winter vacations, as these are now generally admitted by thinking people. There are innumerable benefits because of the countries which are traversed and the information and impressions which

are acquired concerning people and things. One's outlook on life is broadened, one knows something of the wide world, and one returns with an understanding of men and affairs that reflects itself in almost every phase of life. In general this may be said of all travel, but it is true of winter travel in particular because of the untraveled countries into which it leads the average person. Years ago it was only the rich that could afford to take these extended trips, but in these days of cheap and rapid transit, even the person of moderate means and little time can know something of the foreign world from actual experience, which is the greatest of all teachers.

Canadians are possibly as favored as are any other people in the matter of winter travel in that they have a wide range of selection in the arrangement of their trips. Many tropical points are within easy reach and the journey



A scene on the terrace at Monte Carlo.



A picturesque district surrounding Mount Asheville, North Carolina

to the more distant fields involves no great expense. It is, indeed, surprising what a fine trip one may take at a nominal outlay and in a short time.

There are the Southern States, and beyond these Bermuda, the West Indies and South America. So many have gone from this country to the Southern States that the conditions there are well known. Many points of interest offer exceptional advantages as vacation resorts. The trip to Bermuda is readily taken in ten days or two weeks, the Bahamas are only a few hours farther

away, while tours of the West Indies in general and along the South American coast are well within the reach of people of moderate means. All cannot but prove of exceptional interest. Jamaica, for instance, the largest of the British West Indies, is, in the opinion of Professor Haddon, of Cambridge, among the three most beautiful islands in the world—Jamaica, Ceylon and Java. Nor should the importance of South America be overlooked, for Burton Holmes goes so far as to declare, after viewing its beautiful cities and thriving industries, that Rio de Janeiro is the only charming city in all America—North or South.

This year in particular the trips to the south will be of special interest. The closing period in the construction work on the Panama Canal is bound to attract many sight-seers to that region with the result that there will be heavy traffic. An added feature is that the trade relations which have been entered into between Canada and the West Indies will also have the effect of drawing many Canadians to that group, since they will be more interested in them. This will apply specially to far-sighted Canadian business men who will see in the



The region is the delight of touring motor parties

cruises during winter months an opportunity to be relieved of their business cares at home and to take a sojourn in the Tropics, where they may be able to combine business with pleasure and get a line on the conditions in the Islands with a view to opening up new lines of Canadian trade. The Panama Canal, too, will alter the trade routes of the world and for this, and other reasons, men of affairs, not only from Canada but from various other countries, will be anxious to see the course of construction of the Canal for themselves and gain information as to its operation at first hand.

For the people of Western Canada there are also avenues of travel which are not new but which nevertheless have maintained their prestige and popularity through the many years they have been travelled. The traffic to California again promises to be great, many Canadians preferring the Californian climate to that of any other foreign country during our winter season. The Hawaiian and other Pacific Islands are likewise within ready access.

And then, of course, for those who desire to go far-

ther afield there is the wondrous trip to the Mediterranean. This has become each year more attractive, until this winter it will be probably the most luxuriously appointed and interestingly planned trip on the lists. Many fine liners will make the circuit of its ancient ports, and a number of special tours will include land excursions in Italy, Greece, Turkey, the Holy Land and Egypt. This affords an opportunity to get away from the beaten paths, to catch glimpses of foreign peoples and customs under na-



A view of the Colón cut on the Panama Canal



A California summer resort, "Casa Verdugo," English Walnut, Orange and Olive trees in foreground



Grand Canal, Venice.

tural conditions and with the maximum of comfort. Egypt of late years has become a great winter resort with many fine hotels, and a particularly alluring social life, amid picturesque surroundings. And Japan and China are also on the map. Indeed, from all accounts world tours during the ensuing winter are to be most liberally patronised.



## The Why and the Wherefore of Doctors' Bills

By Edward J. Moore

In this article a question of the greatest importance and widest interest is discussed. Why is it that for the same service doctors charge different people different rates? There's a reason. It is discussed here, both from the standpoint of the public and the profession. Should the members of the medical profession in Canada, particularly specialists and surgeons, have a tariff of fixed charges for their services? But do not attempt to answer the query before perusing the article.

You submit to the kneading and tapping over the sore spot in your vitals with as good grace—meaning as little grunting—as possible, and wait with anxiety for the verdict.

The specialist looks up at you over his eye-glasses, seemingly to see how you will take it.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Smith, it means an operation. If we had caught it a month ago we might have treated it, but now the surrounding tissue seems to be in such a condition that . . . ." and so on.

Your heart goes down with a jerk. Somehow there is a finality about the pronouncements of these specialists that strikes deep. Probably your family physician had led you to expect a similar decision, but now that the reality has come you feel a sinking in your stomach and your boots suddenly seem two sizes too large.

A good many of us have been through it and will remember. And for the comfort of those who have not yet had the experience, we can assure them that in all probability their opportunity is more or less closely at hand. In these days of manifold physical derangements and wonderful surgical me-

thods few there be that escape. If "that pain" hasn't found you to-day, don't worry, it will to-morrow. As Pompey or some one of similar calibre said a few centuries ago: "If you have not yet faced it, death or victory lies before you."

A chaotic mass of thought rushes in at the moment when one faces the real thing, but among these, two stand out prominently. First, "Will I come through it all right?" Second, "How much will it cost me?"

One finds out afterwards that the first question is really a negligible one. You always come through all right, of course. The second question is one well worth discussing.

It isn't really a question one needs to worry over very seriously, for the reason that it is already answered. You have, unwittingly, made the answer yourself. Even though you haven't yet a pain or an ache the whole matter is settled.

Are you a grocer's clerk or a bank president? Do you rent fifty acres or own a peach farm and run a motor? Do you keep your surplus cash in the "savings" or in "C. P. R.'s" and "Rio's?" Tell us this, name the specialist whose tender mercies you would pre-

fer to submit to, and we'll make out the bill without waiting for any further developments.

The nature of the operation? Oh, that makes little difference. Appendicitis or fleshy enlargement, cancer or whatever it may be, your bill will be the same, or so near it, it wouldn't be worth inquiring about.

The writer put a question something like this to one of Toronto's leading surgeons the other day:

"Is it true, doctor, that in making up your charges you specialists—like the railways and express companies—put on all you think the 'trade' will stand?"

"Well," said the authority, smiling, "it does seem to work out a good deal like that. But why shouldn't we?"

This latter side of the case will be dealt with later.

It will be seen, then, that our contention is true. Chats with half-a-dozen doctors, both greater and lesser lights' "cut" physicians and those old in experience, bear out the facts. Members of the medical profession in Canada to-day, and this, of course, applies particularly to specialists and to surgical work, have no fixed charges for their services.

The surgeon mentioned above explained the matter this way:

"My regular fee for (naming a familiar abdominal operation) is \$150. This is, of course, exclusive of hospital fees, which run from \$15 to \$75 a week, according to the fastidious ideas and desires of the patient. Last week I had a case of this kind and my bill was \$50. The week before for a similar case I charged \$300. I usually try to find out something about my patient's circumstances before I render the account."

A few examples picked up from and outside the doctors show the working-out of the system.

"Why, yes," said a nurse from one of the hospitals, led innocently, perhaps, to make a small breach in her professional ethics, "I saw a good example of that the other day. A well-to-do patient, without any relatives, and who had an incurable disease, was being operated upon with a view to giving

him some measure of immediate comfort. In this case the doctor who administered the anesthetic charged \$100. The regular fee for this, by an ordinary doctor," she went on, "is \$10, but if they think you can stand it they charge \$25."

Rather an amusing story bearing on the point was told by a clergyman from one of the smaller towns.

"Some time ago," he said, "I had an X-ray photo taken of my hand in one of the Toronto hospitals. I suppose they found out I was a minister, and concluded my salary was not too opulent, for my bill was \$3. Here the other day, however, my son, who is at one of the preparatory schools in the city, and was injured in a football game, had to have his leg examined in a similar way. This time I suppose they argued that the parents of the boy must be at least fairly well-to-do to be able to keep him in college, for the bill was \$10."

Still another case bears out our contention. Within the year an operation, decidedly delicate, though of a familiar type, was performed on a well-known public man, whose interests amount into the millions. The surgeon's fee in this case was said to be \$5,000, while an attending physician of lesser reputation, who, it is whispered, "only looked on," received \$600. The anæsthetic's fee was not mentioned.

"Of course," commented the surgeon who told the story, "the five or six thousand was no more to that man than \$5 would be to you." With which the writer joyfully agreed.

It is perhaps worth mentioning that in this case the patient and both doctors are members of a somewhat exclusive patriotic fraternity. Presumably this had something to do with the second doctor's interest in the case.

A firm of physicians, whose reputation is continental, located in one of the cities across the border, seems to have reduced the system to a fine art. Among other secretaries who look after the details of their business, there is said to be one bright young man whose sole duties are to ascertain the financial standing of the patients, so that so far as possible an equitable levy may be made

for the expert work done. A somewhat interesting story is told which illustrates their methods.

Some little time ago an ordinary-looking farmer who sadly needed surgical treatment, asked as usual, after preliminary examination, what the expense would be.

"We do not accept any case under \$100," was the reply.

Somehow, regretfully, the patient agreed to the terms and a little time after the operation sent a check for the amount. In the meantime, however, the firm's secretary had looked into the man's circumstances, ascertained that while straightforward and hard-working, he had had a great deal of trouble and had in desperation borrowed the cash to pay for his operation. As a result, the check was returned with the receipted statement.

From the public's standpoint the question as to the legitimacy of this "charge-according-to-circumstances" method is certainly a discussable one.

John Jones, laborer, who makes \$2.50 per day, pays just as much for his bread and tea and water and coal as does W. J. H. Smith, of the legal firm of Smith, Chase, Casey & Wood, who draws \$50,000 per year. If he buys a bicycle to carry him to and from work he pays exactly the same price Mr. Smith would pay if he bought the same wheel for the use of one of his sons; more perhaps, for Smith is likely to have a friend in the factory who will cut off a percentage of the sales commission for him.

Thus far the spirit of democracy prevails under the fortunate conditions of life in Canada. But go a step further.

John Jones falls down his front steps in the dark some evening and breaks his collarbone. Dr. Blank, who happens to be passing in his motor, fixes him up and sends in a bill for \$5. The next day Mr. Smith slips off the steps of his bank and sustains exactly the same injury, in this case "a fracture of the clavicle." Dr. Blank, fortunately passes just at this moment, gives the same attention as he gave to Jones, but renders an account for \$100.

The system certainly works out to

the inestimable advantage of Jones. But should it? Isn't Smith a real reason for complaint? Doesn't the millionaire, whose operation, referred to above, cost him about \$5,000 in surgeon's fees alone, a really just cause for objection? Is the system, after all, an equitable one?

Thus far we have been dealing more or less closely with the public's side of the matter. Let us now turn to the professional side.

It is a quite well-understood fact, though one we do not always stop to remember, that the ethics of the medical profession require a physician to give treatment when and where called on, provided it is at all practicable for him to do so, no matter what station in life the prospective patient may occupy, nor what his chances of reward for the given service may be.

Thus, in considering the large amounts charged by the doctors under certain circumstances, we must also consider the fact that in numerous cases their services are given entirely gratis. This would not seem to apply so frequently to specialists who have climbed well up the ladder. When they reach the point where their reputation is widespread and they are constantly in demand, there is a naturally a tendency on the part of less well-to-do patients to get along with less expert service. But the service without charge or at very moderate charge is given much more frequently than the public imagines. One hears about the large bills, but, since man's cupidity is universal, little is said about the small ones.

The head surgeon of one of Toronto's hospitals put the matter this way.

"I have just come," he said, "from my morning round of the hospital. In the past three hours I have examined fifty patients. So far as I see now, I shall receive payment from only two of them. One of these is the wife of a man who makes probably \$15,000 a year and is not overly generous with his surplus cash. Have I not a moral as well as a legal right to ask for a fairly generous fee from him?"

The matter deserves consideration, as well, from another standpoint.

The medical profession is one to enter

which cost not only an abundance of long-undisturbed effort, but also an abundance of time and money. The medical course, with its laboratory fees, its necessary respectable little library and its five to eight years of training, is the most expensive offered by the universities. There are cases, but they are few, where students have put themselves through the course financially by their own efforts. Again, many of the graduates of the Canadian colleges, to gain wider experience and thus make themselves more valuable to prospective patients, spend two or more years rather expensively in England or on the Continent before entering active professional service.

Yet another factor applies to those members of the profession who are able to command the highest fees. They achieve their reputation, either through an enormous amount of exacting mental and physical labor, by reason of years of experience, by reason, again, of a medium of genius in some particular line, or, as in many cases, through an application of all these factors. Those who stand at the top of the medical profession, have not gotten there as have many of the heads in other lines of business, namely, by reason of a fortune or a well-established business being handed down to them, or, as in other cases, by a lucky deal in real estate or on the stock market. Their places have been achieved by reason of straight personal effort. No unearned increment attaches to them.

Since this is so, have they not a right to provide for the assurance of financial rewards which will place them on a par, so far as the possibilities of life are concerned, with men of similar ability in other professions.

There is still another side of the story, one which would surely not occur to the layman unless his attention were attracted to it.

"Most of these well-to-do men," said

a young physician who has already gained considerable local repute, in discussing the matter, "are people of high standing in the community, men who are either large employers of labor or who direct large public interests. Even did he not wish to do so, the physician who attends them feels that he must give more than ordinary service because of their importance to the community. This class of people do not want ordinary service. They want the best. And to give it to them the physician takes extra precautions and extra time. Then again, the nervous strain of operating on a man of this type is terrific. It cannot be imagined by one who has not had the experience. The tension is bad enough when one is performing an operation on an unknown patient from the "free" wards, but to go through the same work on a man of the type I refer to, when a slip of the knife may cause death or an infinitesimal amount of carelessness lead to serious infection and the ultimate removal of so useful a life—then is the time when one's nerves suffer. That's one reason," he went on, "why I feel perfectly justified in charging one of these men what you might consider a large fee. The mental agony I undergo in treating him is worth it." Without doubt there is a good deal in his contention.

The question possesses features of decided interest which, after all, cannot be settled on a general basis. Each case, like those diagnosed by the physician, must be judged on its own peculiar circumstances.

So then, ye prospective patients, prepare to meet the crisis with all possible fortitude. The only advice which can be offered with the assurance of being at once safe and timely is as follows:

Prepare for the worst, as regards the disturbance to the interiors of both yourself and your bank book. This avoids all possibility of disappointment.

## H. S. Holt: An Aggressive Financier

By W. A. Craick

Though his influence in financial and industrial affairs extends to all parts of the Dominion, H. S. Holt, of Montreal, is said to be the least known of all the millionaires of the astrophile. But he is easily one of the most interesting and, indeed, successful. The personality of the man, the outstanding features of his remarkable career, and the success which his business genius has brought to the numerous interests which he dominates—all these combine in affording an abundance of material for this very sketch of one of Canada's foremost financiers and men of affairs.

UP ON THE SECOND FLOOR of the big Power Building on Craig Street, Montreal, and at one end of an expansive board room, which occupies an entire corner of the flat, there sits at a desk a grave and dignified personage who rises slowly on your entrance and greets you with a peculiarly solemn smile. He is Herbert Samuel Holt, the man behind Montreal Power, the head of the Royal Bank, president of this and that corporation, director of Canadian Pacific and a score of other companies, one of Canada's foremost financiers and men of affairs. To-day, with the proximate fusion of three gigantic power companies in sight, with a third important bank merger safely accomplished, and with all the enterprises in which he is interested driving forward on the crest of a wave of prosperity, he is a figure worth scrutinizing—a personality deserving of attention.

One is informed warily that Mr. Holt is a most difficult person to interview, that he is exceedingly reticent, hates publicity and is physically big enough to eject any obnoxious visitor from his office. One's preconception of the man based on such a description is liable to consist largely of berish characteristics. He is supposedly of the

growing, get-out-of-my-way, mind-your-own-business type of being, to whom a pencil and a notebook are synonymous with red tape to a bull.

But this picture belies the man somewhat. To the interviewer, he can be unpleasantly curt at times, but generally speaking he is courteous and unassuming. There are some people who cloak themselves in a mock modesty for a purpose. There are even those who object profusely to being made the subject of newspaper or magazine articles—with calculated theatrical effect. But Mr. Holt is by his genuinely modest man. One might almost term him shy, though that would scarcely be in keeping with his stature and accomplishments. He is at any rate reserved and entirely unpretentious. He is the man of the board room, not of the convention hall; one who prefers the quiet of his library to the gossip of the club; a good listener but an indifferent speaker. It is not improbable that his reticence and supposed coldness are directly attributable to an early conviction that nature had not gifted him with an ability to converse as entertainingly or tell stories as effectively as certain of his acquaintances. At any rate he is the type of man who says little and thinks

a great deal, and, while he can converse pleasantly in private, is as silent as a sphinx in public.

To the man on the street, H. S. Holt is, generally speaking, an unfamiliar personage. Though he is a most important factor in the life of practically every citizen of Montreal, and though his influence stretches out through financial and industrial channels to all parts of the Dominion, yet he is the least known of all the millionaires of the metropolis. For one thing he is exceedingly democratic in his dress. He is not a man who believes that the garb of a bank president should invariably consist of a silk hat and a frock coat, or that he should ride through the principal thoroughfares in a glittering limousine. An ordinary tweed suit and a felt hat are sufficiently becoming and far more serviceable, and to walk down from his residence on Stanley Street to his office in the Power Building is much better for his health. So he joins in the procession of bank clerks, merchants and lawyers and goes to his work like one of them, and that tall, sandy complexioned fellow, who rubs shoulders with you on Bligny Street, is like as not the great financier himself.

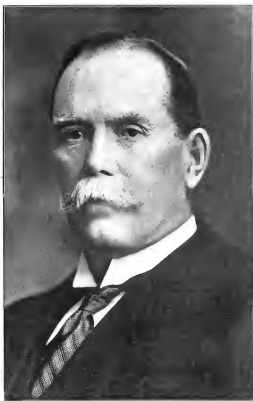
Mr. Holt is tall, with a somewhat slight frame. Robustness is not one of his characteristics, and he must needs live somewhat carefully and systematically. The daily constitutional has become a sort of necessity. The face is grave, even when it is lighted up with that odd smile of his, which draws the lips slowly back from the teeth. The hair is darkish in hue, though showing signs of thinness, while a light moustache harmonizes with the fairness of his complexion. The whole head is square-cut, giving indication of a determined will back of the calm exterior.

It is possible, or should be possible in the case of most successful men, to go back to a period in their lives and say: Just here the foundations were laid for their future greatness. True, many influences, extending over a number of years, must needs combine to produce a strong personality, but there is usually some one formative epoch, which has much to do with the outcome. In the

case of the Montreal magnate, it was undoubtedly those early years he spent on the Credit Valley Railway, when he acted as resident engineer for James Ross during the latter's career as superintendent. "We had some great old experiences in those days," he remarks, as he is reminded of the time when, a callow, freckled, Irish youth, he did his share in keeping the wheels turning on the old road.

Those little pioneer railways which the men of a generation ago thrust through the sparsely settled districts of old Ontario—the Toronto, Grey and Bruce, the Toronto and Nipissing, the Midland, the Victoria, the Credit Valley and others—today prosperous divisions of the greater roads which eventually swallowed them up, were splendid training grounds for many men who have since become prominent in the life of the country. "Give me a railway in difficulties to manage," said a famous English railroad man on one occasion, "and I will work to far better advantage than if I had to look after a successful road." It was the difficulties which beset the pioneer roads that were the making of such men as H. S. Holt.

The future millionaire invaded Canada in 1875 at the age of nineteen years. He was just an ordinary young chap, quiet, well-mannered and without any outward indication that he would ever set the world on fire. He had been born and raised in Dublin and came to America with the army of emigrants who annually sailed from their native land to seek their fortune in the new world. Chance brought him into contact with James Ross soon after he landed. Ross was at the time engaged in operating the Victoria Railway, which stretched northward from Lindsay into the lumber districts of Haliburton, and on the Victoria Railway, along with J. W. Leonard, young Holt got his rudimentary education as an engineer. It was a good practical school and, being very much in earnest, the Irish boy was not long picking up such knowledge as was needed to qualify him for heavier undertakings. When Ross became superintendent of the Credit Valley, he



H. S. HOLT,  
The Montreal Financier.



did not hesitate to carry his protégé with him.

Veterans of the rail tell many amusing stories about the vicissitudes of the Credit Valley. Prior to its absorption by the Ontario and Quebec, it extended from Toronto to Woodstock, with two or three short branches, and it was sadly straitened for money. At times its credit was so bad that it could not secure a ton of coal to fire its engines and early travelers recall having to wait in the coaches at Parkdale until the agent could go, with the cash he had collected from the sale of tickets, and buy the necessary load of coal or wood to fill the tender. To such a low ebb had its fortunes dwindled in the early eighties that the late George Laidlaw, its promoter, was ready to sell the whole outfit to the Grand Trunk for six hundred thousand dollars, five hundred of which consisted of its debts.

With such an impecunious road as this Mr. Holt was associated for several years as a young man. He resided in Toronto with a brother and sister and was on intimate terms with a number of men who have subsequently become famous. He is described by some of his old friends as just a plain, hard-working young man, tall and slim, rather shy and silent, and conspicuous by reason of a profusion of freckles. As resident engineer he was called on to attend to a great deal of the detail work of management and proved himself to be capable, efficient and painstaking, with a fondness for studying out thoroughly every problem that presented itself for solution.

Young Holt's abilities commended themselves to James Ross and, when the latter left the Credit Valley in 1883 to become superintendent of construction on the Canadian Pacific, out on the prairies, he invited the younger man to accompany him as his lieutenant. In his quiet way, Mr. Holt informed his friends of his intentions and added that it would not be very long before he would take a hand in the contracting game himself. He was shrewd enough to see that it was the contractor who was making the money, not the en-

gineer, and he had a fancy that the possession of capital was not without its attractions. He went west in 1883, about the same time as William Mackenzie and Dan Mann and for nine years he was pretty closely associated with these two enterprising individuals. Indeed it may be said that while Messrs. Smith, Stephen, McIntyre and Angus were the quartette who financed the C. P. R. through its early stages, there was another quartette at work out on the prairies and in through the mountains, to wit Messrs. Ross, Holt, Mackenzie and Mann, who bore a large share of the burden of construction.

Mr. Holt's prediction that he would soon become a contractor was early fulfilled. Indeed within a year his patron had made it possible for him to take up certain construction work on his own account. His influence grew and with it his ability to swing larger and larger contracts. On the prairie and mountain divisions, then in Quebec and Maine, he worked in close association with his trio of allies and, when in 1889 this work was completed, he spent three years in the west again, building the Regina, Qu'Appelle and Long Lake Railway and the Calgary and Edmonton Railway.

Meanwhile his work in Quebec had brought him in contact with the Paton family in Sherbrooke, and an attachment had developed between the successful contractor and Miss Jessie Paton, the eldest daughter. This culminated in the marriage of the pair in 1890, a union which has been a very happy one. Thus fortune had been kind to the Irish boy. He had attained before he was forty years of age, wealth, prestige and an alliance with one of the leading families of the country. All this had come to him not by studied calculation nor by wire-pulling, but by merit. Nor was he ungrateful to the man who had given him such a boost up the ladder. The story is told that when Mr. Ross' sister was to be married to James Grace, Mr. Holt went with a friend to purchase a wedding present. The pair visited a jewelry store and, having an-

nounced their purpose, were shown a number of articles, of which the average value was perhaps twenty dollars. Mr. Holt pushed the boxes aside, "Show me something that means money," said he, and presently made a purchase worth four hundred dollars. It was not vulgar ostentation that prompted him to such a lavish expenditure, for, whatever other defects he may have, H. S. Holt is not ostentatious, but simply a

into the promotion of civic utilities. The decade from 1892 to 1902 marked the building up of the Montreal Light, Heat & Power Company by the consolidation of several smaller companies. Originating with the old Montreal Gas Company, of which Mr. Holt soon became president, and taking in from time to time, the Royal Electric Company, the Montreal and St. Lawrence Light and Power Company, the



Mr. H. S. Holt's residence in Montreal.

desire to show that he owed a great deal to the man who had given him his start.

The year 1892 marked the dissolution of the activities of the railroad quartette. Henesforth Mackenzie and Mann were to hoe their own row, while Ross and Holt went their several ways, the former into those industrial and financial operations with which his name has since been associated and the latter

Imperial Electric Company, the La-chine Rapids Hydraulic Company, the Citizens' Light and Power Company, and several others, a powerful organization, capitalized at seventeen million dollars, was ultimately created.

The sphere of influence of Montreal Power is extensive. Its charter, acquired from the Quebec Government in 1901, confers wide powers and to-day it transmits current not only all over the

city of Montreal, but to a large section of the surrounding country. Its customers for electric power number 33,000 and for gas 60,000. It has great power plants at Chambly on the Richelieu River, at Soulanges and Lachine on the St. Lawrence River and at Shawinigan Falls. Despite the almost despotic methods by which its president has forced his competitors to the wall and has secured a practical monopoly of the business of supplying power and light in the Montreal district, he has been shrewd enough not to antagonize the public. Time was when Montreal Power was not in as good repute as it is to-day. There were murmurs. People did not view with pleasure the absorption of the independent companies. To offset this Mr. Holt has wisely taken steps to popularize his company and a reduction in prices of both electricity and gas, made last July, has served to sooth the public irritation.

In the evolution of this great consolidated utility corporation, Mr. Holt has been the prime mover. Montreal Power has been his pet project. He has devoted to it the largest share of his time and attention. He has made electrical development his hobby, until there is not an engineer in his employ who knows more about the details of the system than himself. In brief, he is the company's own consulting engineer with his fingers on every part of the system.

Up to 1902, the work of consolidating the power companies of Montreal was sufficient to absorb most of Mr. Holt's time. Since then, while still watching with close attention the progress of the great company he had brought into being, he has allowed himself to be drawn into other enterprises. First and foremost among these must be placed his banking interests. It has almost faded from the minds of most people that, when the ill-fated Sovereign Bank first opened its doors in January 1902, the president of the new institution was H. S. Holt. For three years he occupied this position, and they were undoubtedly years of spectacular

progress. How much of the early success of the Bank must be apportioned to the ability of its president and how much to the skill of its general manager, it would be hard to tell, but, taking into account the characteristics of the former, there can be little doubt that his influence counted for a good deal.

In 1905, one of those sudden, inexplicable changes took place which set loose all manner of conjectures. All that the public knew was that the president of the Sovereign had resigned and had immediately joined the directorate of the Royal. It was given out at the time by way of explanation that it was a little awkward for the Sovereign Bank to have its head office in one city and its president in another. But this explanation hardly held water since it was equally true that the general manager had his office and lived in Montreal. It was much more probable that there was some little discord between the two officials, which was easily settled by the president's resignation. At the same time there can be little doubt that the Royal Bank, which was on the eve of removing its head office from Halifax to Montreal, was eager to secure the support of such a prominent Montrealese as Mr. Holt and made attractive overtures to him.

In the light of future happenings, there are those who point to Mr. Holt's sudden change as an excellent illustration of his shrewdness and foresight. They would have it that he knew there were breakers ahead, and was alert enough to leave the doomed vessel before it was too late. Such a charge, if it were true, would be a serious blot on the financier's reputation, but no one who knows him would believe it for a minute. It would be entirely out of keeping with his character. Instead of avoiding difficulties, he is just the man who delights in facing them. Besides this it must be remembered that three years were to elapse before the Sovereign bubble burst and that the cause of its collapse was not attributable to

any transactions that had taken place during his presidency.

The Royal Bank had been known as the Merchants' Bank of Halifax up to 1901. In 1903 its chief executive officer were transferred to Montreal and in 1906 its head office followed. Immediately on his appointment to the directorate Mr. Holt was marked for its presidency. The veteran Thomas E. Kenny was about to retire and in 1906 the Montrealese became vice-president. Two years later, the same year that witnessed the failure of the Sovereign, he stepped into the presidency. Surely there was a little of the irony of fate in this promotion.

No bank in Canada has made more rapid strides in recent years than the Royal. From the little Merchants Bank of Halifax to the third largest bank in the Dominion, almost within ten years, is a big step. In his presidential capacity Mr. Holt has shown himself alert and aggressive and, while it would be untrue to say that he has been personally responsible for the rapid advance of the bank, it must be admitted that his energy, his constant watchfulness and his resourcefulness have had no small influence on the result. The present expansion began with the absorption of the Union Bank of Halifax in 1910. In 1911 followed the acquisition of the West Indian branches of the Colonial Bank of London, and this fall the public have been treated to the spectacle of the biggest merger in the history of Canadian banking when the Royal and the Traders amalgamated. In all these transactions the president of the Royal took a direct personal interest.

It is most significant that every industrial corporation with which Mr. Holt has become associated as director, stands high in the estimation of the public. While there is not an enterprise that would not be delighted to have his support, he has exercised discrimination in picking the companies with which he has allowed his name to figure. Anything questionable, anything largely speculative he has avoided. Thus in surveying the industrial field,

you will only find mention of him in such highly respectable enterprises as the Steel Company of Canada, the Canada Paper Company, the Canadian Car and Foundry Co., the Canadian General Electric Company, the Dominion Textile Company, Montreal Cottons Limited, Ogilvie Flour Mills Company and Price Bros. and Company. He has also taken an interest in the London Street Railway and the Monterey Railway, Light and Power Company, while he is president of the Kaministiquia Power Company and director of the Shawinigan Water and Power Company.

The crowning point of Mr. Holt's successful career may be said to have been reached in 1911, when he became a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Following the death of the late Robert Meighan and the late Senator Forget, two vacancies occurred on the board of the great transcontinental. It is said that there was no hesitation in naming H. S. Holt for the first of these vacancies. He was the great outstanding figure of the day in the world of finance and the railway directors felt that their board would be greatly strengthened by his inclusion.

If to these various offices, industrial, financial and administrative, be added the presidency of the Montreal Trust Company, one is provided with a fairly complete list of the more important activities of the great man. How he contrives to attend to the manifold duties connected with these numerous positions is a mystery, for H. S. Holt is not of the figurehead type of director. That he does succeed in impressing his personality on everything he takes up is evidence that his interest is not ephemeral. The secret perhaps lies in the fact that he is a man of business, first and last. He has no distractions. He has no hobbies. He works early and late. He concentrates all his faculties on the one object—business success.

On Stanley Street, up near the base of Mount Royal, there is a fine stone residence, which is pointed out as the

home of the president of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company. It is a very luxurious mansion, as befits a man of his position. But one doesn't see its rooms and furnishings illustrated in the weekly papers. In his private life Mr. Holt is just as free from ostentation as in his business life. To live finely has not been his objective, though he recognizes fully the value of pleasing surroundings. His home has largely the simple life.

His round of existence therefore requires no long telling. The matutinal walk to the office, the hasty morning at his desk, luncheon with a few congenial friends at the select Mount Royal Club, the afternoon's duties in office or board room, dinner at home and an evening in his library, make up the day's work, with those necessary variations which must break into any great man's routine. At one time he found an occasional opportunity for golf at Dixie, but his appearance on the links is rare now. In place of golf, he exercises at home and walks as often as he can. He is one of the few Montreal magnates who does not boast a summer home. Holiday time

he customarily spends on a transatlantic trip, when he loses no opportunity of studying engineering developments on the continent at first hand.

This then is the man who has cut so important a figure in the financial life of Canada during the past decade. Big, brainy and aggressive, he ranks high among the men who are developing the resources of the country. He may lack those characteristics which render a man popular, he may be blunt, he may want his own way a little too much, but no one can deny that he is upright, broad-minded and sincere. He is not a man who attracts or seeks friends, but he always enjoys the society of a small circle of intimates. He is serious, not given to hilarity, and constantly devoted to business, but he can relax on occasion and be merry and sociable. Those who work directly under him, the officials of his companies, admire him hugely. The business men of Montreal respect him. He is generally regarded as a solid character, able in administration, brilliant in finance, a man to be reckoned with in any work to which he sets his hand.

## Replacing Devastated Forests

During the past year Uncle Sam gathered enough Douglas fir seed to plant 750,000,000 trees. The seed was planted on burned-out tracts of the National reserves that had been devastated by fires in the past three years. Forest fires were unusually destructive during the summer months of 1910 and 1911, despite the large army of rangers constantly on patrol. At least 20,000 acres of the finest timber in the National forests were burned. A very great portion of this was planted to fir seed last fall, and, according to the reports of district forest superintendents, the young trees have sprouted up through

the soil. If all goes well they will be full grown fir in twenty-five to forty years.

In order to secure the seed, an especial appeal was made to the boys and girls of Washington and Oregon, where the Douglas fir abounds, for fir cones, and many lads made from two to three dollars per day gathering them. Three methods were followed: First, the cones that squirrels had cut down and dropped were picked up; second, they were taken from standing trees; third, they were gathered from felled trees. The greater quantity was picked up from the ground.

## The Ghost of Eskindale

By Alan Sullivan

There has been quite a revival of interest in ghost stories recently. Of course the public does not believe in ghosts, but from time to time some people come forward with the assertion that they have actually seen them. And in many cases seeing is believing. There is a ghost in this story, as the title would indicate, but it's a grisly, beneficent ghost—the creation of Alan Sullivan, the popular Canadian writer, whose work is always a delight to readers.

ESKINDALE MANOR is in Kent and not far from Maidstone. You reach it by a hedge-bordered road that goes over two brooks and then climbs a long ridge that meanders lazily through this most delightful part of the garden of England. On the side of the ridge sits the manor smiling contentedly at the velvet country below. It has two towers, a big banquetting room lined with old portraits and armor, from each end of which long wings ramble off to the north, and on a stone in the west tower is carved "Eskyndale fecit A. D. 1692."

The unfortunate part of it was that shortly after Eskyndale fecit in 1692 the family wealth practically disappeared. The armor and pictures remained intact, the smooth lawns still spread their carpet around the old house, but it was only by virtue of extraordinary efforts on the part of the builders' descendants. The hurden descended to John Eskindale, the present owner, when he moved from the side of the table to the end of it, and that hurden now hung suspended over the head of David. It had always been that way in the family, a David followed a John.

The manor was at its best in June. The reflection came simultaneously to father and son as they looked out through the long morning room win-

dows and watched the rabbits hop across the sparkling lawn, scattering the dew. David was on furlough from service in Egypt. Five years of drought and sand and parching sun had given him a strange appetite for the sweet mistiness of an English summer morning, and, both early risers, they met here through a common and unspoken impulse. So now they felt very near each other, these two to whom the old place meant so much.

Standing a moment in silence, David felt his father's hand on his shoulder. He did not move, he had almost expected it. But there followed his father's voice and in it a note that was new to David. "It's good, old chap, it's very good, but—" he hesitated—"it can't last."

David turned suddenly. "Can't last, sir?"

"I put off telling you as long as possible," he spoke quietly but with a thin uncertain thread of feeling. "I put it off, because I didn't want to spoil your holiday—but now you should know Eskindale must go."

David's face whitened underneath its coat of tan. "Why, Dad, what has happened?" he said quickly.

"Only what began to happen two hundred years ago. We are land poor."

We always have been. I have spun it out as long as possible, and can't go any further. I wanted to turn the place over to you, David—but—"

The young soldier was staring at his father; then he put his own hand firmly on the one that still rested on his shoulder. "What about mother, sir?"

"That's it. I knew you would ask that. She must not know—must never know. You'll help me, David. It's going to be a hard pull. We'll talk of it again, when—"

A door opened and Mrs. Eskindale entered. She was one of those frail and delicately perfect creatures who seem to secure the affection of all by the mere act and effort of keeping alive. Deaf as a bit of her own china, she was the centre of the world for the two men who advanced quickly to meet her. Then breakfast was brought in.

A week later an advertisement appeared in *The Field* below a photograph of Eskindale Manor, and curiously enough the Eskindale subscription to that most interesting journal terminated on the same day. But it is to the wanderings of one particular copy of that issue that your attention is invited.

This copy appeared on the smoking room table of the S.S. Hanston, Liverpool to New York. It suffered the usual fate of such papers, being left regularly on the floor at night and as regularly replaced by the steward next morning. On the third day out the eye of Benson fell upon an illuminating article on bulldogs. Benson was an owner and breeder of bulldogs, he also was European traveller for the Standard Sewing Machine Company of Newbury, New York. Now whatever touched bulldogs also touched Benson. He read the article carefully twice, and on the termination of the second reading, looked stealthily around the smoking room. It was empty. A minute later he walked quickly to his cabin, and *The Field* went with him. You have now the first links of the chain. Eskindale—poverty—*Field*—bulldogs—Benson—Standard Sewing Machine Company.

Just about thirty years before a lean

New England mechanic had an idea, which was nothing unusual for a New England mechanic. After a good deal of filing and hammering and welding this idea took shape in the form of the famous balanced shuttle on which the Standard Sewing Machine Company was subsequently floated and on which also Hiram Langdon, the lean mechanic, grew with the growing enterprise, till he filled the president's chair. Prosperity came and he grew used to it, independence sauntered along and he grew used to it, so with responsibility and all the other things of advancing position. But there were just two things he had never had time to get used to—his wife and daughter.

Now there comes a period in the life of a thinking man when, after years of labor, he begins to consider the gentler side of life. In this period he sees more clearly than ever the enormous value of the companionship of his family and of those benign influences which every good woman exercises on her husband.

Hiram stood at this particular turn of the road, in fact he had been standing there for the last year or so, and it was entirely due to the office boy, who found *The Field* on the floor by Benson's desk the day after his return to head office, that Hiram took the step of which you will now be informed.

Why the office boy should have put it on the president's table is of course due to the fact that office boys are devoid of the bias of location, and it was a physical impossibility for this one to replace anything in its proper position. So it happened, that, as the roar of his factory dwindled into silence at noon, Hiram Langdon's eye ran down those most interesting pages devoted to English properties for sale, and adorned with the most charming illustrations imaginable. Presently he halted at the following:

"Gentleman's residence in Kent. Elizabethan mansion. Twenty rooms and offices. One bathroom. Hot and cold water laid on. Thirty acres. Twelve under cultivation, old world gardens and fruit trees. May be purchased

at low price. Positively must be sold. Unequaled opportunity. Apply Messrs. Woodbridge and Flint, 32 Moorgate St., London, E.C."

Immediately above this was a photograph of the south front of Eskindale Manor.

You will kindly spare the writer of this perfectly authentic narrative the relation of those details involved in the purchase by Hiram Langdon of Eskindale Manor. His wife, a bright-eyed cylindrical person of unexampled energy, rebelled at the contemplation of one bathroom. His daughter Helen raised her beautiful eyebrows and wondered what offices pertained to a private house. But Hiram had visions of morning cigars while he paced tranquilly across those velvet lawns, and, in the correspondence that followed with Messrs. Woodbridge and Flint, those eminently respectable solicitors exhibited such a readiness to serve the purchaser's wishes that all minor difficulties disappeared as if by magic.

There are no words in which to express the feelings of John Eskindale when he received the first payment from Hiram Langdon. He walked to a window of the rooms they had taken in Sussex Square and stared out on the smooth gray walls and immaculate doorsteps that surrounded him. It hit him hard that he alone of his long line should have to surrender those ancient acres. Then he looked at his wife. The tears were streaming down her delicate cheeks. She had known for months all their cars had not been able to spare her this. So John, like the brave gentleman he was, rammed the cheque into his pocket and smiled, and kissed her very tenderly. "I think, my dear," he said, "that we had better run over to Paris for a week."

The new owners took possession on October the first. The next week two box stalls were thrown into one and a gasoline tank was buried beneath the stable floor. The week following an order went to the principal plumber in Maidstone to equip three bathrooms. About the first of November the weather

turned cold and Hiram had a chill. He retaliated by installing a furnace and hot water heating system with innumerable radiators. Then the Langdons got ready to settle down. As to the manner of this settling there is one thing to be observed. They were impressed by a tremendous respect and rapidly growing affection for the place. Helen especially took to it like a bird to some new and fashionable nest. She was tall and very fair, with a broad white forehead and exquisite complexion and features. It seemed as if her mother's spirit and her father's brains had amalgamated to adorn her beautiful person. So there was no difficulty in making friends, and by the end of the month Hiram had begun to think quizzically about the next Quarter Sessions and the annual live stock show in June. The heating system was the wonder of Maidstone, because although Brent Hall, two miles away, had an American furnace it had never been used, while Eskindale Manor was permeated by a soothing warmth which their English visitors considered very enervating but decidedly comfortable.

On the first of December, Hiram sat late in the evening in the long hall. His wife and daughter had retired. Beside him the great fireplace glowed with red embers and behind him a radiator diffused its beneficent emanations. He was halfway through his last cigar and in that peculiar placidity of mood which is attributable to a good dinner, excellent whiskey and Havana tobacco. Suddenly he had an undeniable chill. He rose and stalked to the radiator. It was too hot to touch. He sat down again, leaning closer to the chair for his back was cold. The house was absolutely still. Then he heard something. The feeling and hearing were curiously blended, he did not know which sensation was uppermost. It was as if some new faculty of observation were in action. He made out a slight surging in his ears and for the first time in his life the hair on the back of his head began to creep and prick his skin. At the same moment

a cool dampness was noticeable and he looked toward the end of the hall. The door was open. Now Hiram had gone to that door with his wife and shut it carefully behind her. He was sure of that. Then at the other end of the hall he saw something. He was equally sure of that. It was white and soundless. He caught it for a moment, then it vanished. There was no door there—just a huge square of panelling that rose to the ceiling beams. He walked quickly, to nothing, nothing but the old brown oak and a picture of an Eskindale. For a moment he stood wondering and trying to shake off a burden of oppressive weight that had enveloped him. Then he dropped the unfinished cigar into the fireplace, looked carefully about the room again and went upstairs.

"You're late, Hiram," said his wife drowsily, "what have you been doing?"

"Nothing particular, only wondering how much there is here that does not show on the inventory. Go to sleep, Gerty."

Just three days later, John Eskindale looked at his wife and son across the breakfast table in Sussex Square. He had a letter in his hand. "I say, my dear, listen to this."

"Dear Mr. Eskindale:

"I hope you will not take it amiss if we ask yourself and your family to spend Christmas in your old home. We feel somehow that you ought to be here, and it would be a very great pleasure to have you. I hope that you will not stand on the ceremony of short acquaintance, but will add a great deal to the success of our celebration by joining it. Christmas is on Thursday. Could you not join us say a week before. With best regards from us all,

"Yours sincerely,

"HIRAM LANGDON."

"P. S.—There is also a matter I would like to discuss with you—H. L."

"Upon my word," he said, "that's really very decent of them. Will you go, Mary? Can you stand it?"

Mrs. Eskindale turned rather white. She could not overcome the vision of Mrs. Langdon at one end of the table

and the new owner at the other. Then she looked at David. The young man had brightened at the thought. Very soon his leave would be up, he would return to the sands and parching sun of Egypt, and it was hardly fair to David to refuse. "Yes," she said bravely, but with a quivering lip. "I will be delighted."

Precisely at nine o'clock on the morning of Friday, the nineteenth of December, Mr. and Mrs. Eskindale and David descended simultaneously to the breakfast room. They had arrived the night before after dinner. Mrs. Eskindale felt that a night under the familiar roof would fortify her. Langdon in his motor had met them. His women-kind had gathered on the steps to welcome them. It was all very hospitable, but she dreaded this first meal.

In the breakfast room, three places were laid. "Mr. and Mrs. Langdon and Miss Helen would not be down," they were told. Mrs. Eskindale's voice trembled at this delicate thought, but presently her courage rose. It was all as if it had never been, with the old familiar things around them, and later in the big hall they found their hosts.

Now you will quite agree that it is not the office of this story to detail the most delightful week which preceded Christmas day, but it is distinctly important to devote some attention to the sentimental development which culminated in the presence of Helen and David in the big hall precisely at midnight on Christmas Eve. Very imprudent of themselves, equally careless of their elders. All perfectly true, but you must be aware that these are matters that have defied time and precedent and everything else since the world began. Also, you will admit, that it was perfectly understandable that they should have suddenly discovered in each other something electrically magnetic and wonderful, and that made it all the worse. David now knew that he loved Helen, but he also knew that he was poor and must not say so. Helen knew that she loved David, but she was a girl and must not

say so. So the two sat in a speechless and divine torture which neither would have interrupted for any reason whatsoever.

They had all been talking before the fire, and gradually their elders had slipped off with an exchange of knowing glances and with the least possible ceremony and disturbance. Helen and David had kept it up bravely for awhile, and then because of that which David could not, would not, say, they sat looking into the blaze, building exactly the same castle in Spain, or it might be in Kent.

Suddenly David heard a gasp and looked up. Helen was leaning forward, her eyes starting, and her face a deadly white. She was staring at the door at the end of the great room. David swung his glance, then his own eyes started. Through the door, which swung noiselessly, came a figure. It came in absolute silence, without rustle or sound of footfall, the figure of a middle-aged man in mediaeval garb. He had a colorless face with pointed beard and a long cloak that seemed to be of coarse satin or silk, through which his sword stuck out jerkily as he walked. His legs were encased in white silk stockings, his feet in long black shoes with extraordinarily elongated points and enormous buckles. One hand was slightly extended in front of him, the other, much jewelled, held a small paper scroll. His eyes seemed almost closed, but his step was smooth and certain and his body moved forward almost as if drawn swiftly across the room by some invisible force.

A cold thrill ran through David, but he turned toward the apparition. It glided down the room, stopped at the great oak panel, hesitated a moment and vanished. There was not a sound in the whole house. He rubbed his eyes and looked at Helen. The girl's face was ghastly. She stared a moment, then fell sideways across the arm of her chair. In a moment he was at her side, rubbing her hands and cheeks, and then in quick abandonment at the divine sensation of her form in his arms

he kissed her passionately again and again.

Presently she stirred in his embrace, sighed deeply with long shuddering breath, and her eyes gazed up with a terror-stricken question into his own. Then into her face flooded an exquisite color. "What was it?" she said.

"The ghost of Eskindale," he answered soberly, looking down at her with adoration.

She put his arms gently away, so gently that he could hardly refrain from clasping her again. "What ghost?" she answered, with that divine color still on her cheeks.

"It's an old story, we hardly believed it ourselves, and I've never seen him before. They say he began to walk two hundred years ago; he is supposed to have built this house. Soon after that he died and the family fortune disappeared and has never been found."

Helen was staring at him. "What was that in his hand?" she said with a curious expression.

"I don't know. It looked like a roll of paper. Are you better now?"

But Helen did not answer. She got up so unsteadily that he caught her arm. "Where did he go?"

"Nowhere, that is, he vanished at the end of the room under his own picture. I never knew before whose picture that was."

"Come," she put in quickly, and walked to the great oak panel. It was very old. Its surface was glazed with the polishing of innumerable hands and was carved with strange faces of emmes and dwarfs. In the centre was a face, a little larger than the rest, a ronaie had once protruded, but long since had disappeared.

"Can you see anything there?"

David lit a match, stooped, held it close against the panel and peered into the hole. "No," he said. "Nothing."

"Put a pencil in, anything, and push."

He looked at her, puzzled, but obeyed. There came a creaking of yielding timber, then the protest of unused

hinges, and, very stiffly, the whole panel swung inward, exposing a large cupboard burdened with dust. It was empty, save for a piece of yellow paper that lay rolled in one corner.

A change came over Helen's face, the shadows disappeared from her eyes and her voice grew firm and confident. "Read it," she said.

Wonderingly, David unrolled the scroll. On its stiff expanse of parchment was a writing of which the old English characters stood out sharply. No age could dim the blackness of their ink. Then he read:

I, of Ekyndale, ye Lorde,  
After warres and conyiet boide,  
By ye sharpnesse of my sword  
Gat a mightie cheste of golde;  
And, lest the who folowe me  
Turn from armes and valourous waye  
To reclyne full slothfulle,  
I wolde wille ye cheste sholde staye  
Where I layde it. Till a soune  
Of ye aunciente familie  
Come from warres and dutie donne;  
He shalle fynde and he shal see;  
Where ye pollarde willowes sprede  
Branches thicke and branches stronge  
Lette him digge, where dunge ye deade,  
Till he fynde what layde so longe.  
Love wille seeke it, love wille kepe,  
Love wille at ye laste prevayle,  
Digge, oh nymeleesse one, digge depe,  
For ye House of Ekyndale.

Now, in order to make clear what happened in the next few moments, it is only necessary to ask that you kindly imagine that all this had happened to yourself. Your entire approval being thus secured, you will follow David to the stable, where he found a shovel and a pick axe in the gardener's box, and a lantern underneath the stairs that led to the loft.

Half-way to the lodge and a stone's throw from the drive grew four gigantic pollard willows. They were perhaps thirty feet apart and formed the corners of a square that was always shaded by the network of their interlacing boughs. Immediately in the centre of this square David looked up at "ye branches

thick and branches stronge" and struck his pick into the ground. Somewhat naturally he struck a root. Again he swung sturdily and drove deep into the soil.

Half an hour later, when he had dug a hole four feet deep, his pick hit metal. Five minutes more and he unearthed a large iron chest, bound with corroded brass and enormously heavy. Between them they dragged it to the surface. David shaking with excitement raised the pick. "Now?" he said questioning.

Helen nodded and it dashed against the chest. There was a sound of bulging and yielding and the chest lid lay loose, for all its fastenings were eaten away.

For a moment they stopped, stared, leaned toward each other across the chest and something quite natural was exchanged.

"I don't care now if there is nothing in it," said David, then he lifted the lid and held the lantern close.

At the sight of what lay there, everything in the world seemed to stop. A great pile of doubloons was in one corner; beside them were ingots of yellow metal, cast in queer ungainly forms. Mixed in with these were cabochon rubies and emeralds, twinkling with deep light beneath the oil flame. In another corner lay a small uncovered box of greasy feeling, irregular-shaped stones which were diamonds. From the hilt of a sword gleamed the blue eye of a huge sapphire. Wealth enough to buy a dozen manors, the spoil of India and Spain and the New World.

David stared and stared. Then he suddenly found it hard to breathe and his arms went out.

"Love wille seeke it, love wille kepe  
Love wille at ye laste prevayle,"  
he whispered, as Helen's lips were lifted to his own.

Silence fell for a moment: then from over Michelson way came faintly the sound of singing. They listened intently. A rift in the wind let through a fragment of song. The Waits had started on their earliest round. It was Christmas morning.



A group of city dwellers, taking a winter outing in the country. There is a growing tendency for city dwellers to spend their Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter holidays in the country as well as the regular summer season.

## Snow-Time in Canada

By Mary Spafford

It is becoming increasingly the custom in Canada for people to spend their festive holidays—Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, Easter—in the country. Especially in this time of the Yuletide celebrations. Particularly timely, therefore, as this article, "Snowtime in Canada," which describes something of the charm and beauty of Canadian rural life in the winter months. It conveys a new conception of its grandeur and presents new phases of its pleasures.

A CANADIAN country winter begins, to all intents and purposes, when preparation for it becomes necessary. In the purple twilights which mark the fore-runners of winter days, one comes in from the outside world intoxicated by the cold, fall air, and conscious mainly of but two sensations—sleep and hunger. There are lights on the supper table, and the things which taste best then are smoking-hot dishes—baked beans and brown bread; Johnny Cake; baked potatoes; and baked apples with the autumnal blush still vivid on their cheeks.

But some day, as one stacks one's beans in frowsy heaps in one's devastated garden, or gathers the last of one's tomatoes, thrillingly prophetic from the

darkening heights will fall the "honk" of the Canadian wild goose, as with unerring instinct he leads his squadron southward before the first snowstorm. However often the observer may have heard that sound, he stands with quickened pulse to watch the stately wedge-shaped throng wing by; its leader out ahead, instinct with authority—pathetically alone in his high trust.

Fainter and weaker come back that guiding cry. Dimmer grow the swift-diminishing forms till they merge into a single, wispy-blown speck on the southern horizon, and one finds oneself staring—forsaken and left behind—into the sky where they have been, while over the dying summer a sudden, ominous shadow seems to drop, like the first

light folding of a pall. Then one realizes that the air is pregnant with winter, and unfinished tasks are rushed upon, *post-haste*.

In the rural districts of Canada the mere making ready for winter is imbued with a sort of portentous excite-

ment, or fragrant balsam boughs, as an encourager of winter warmth. The more pretentious farmers, who carry considerable live stock on their farms, get the cattle down from the hill pastures, and, incidentally, experience an enlivening time in capturing the



"The stresses are not tight-frozes yet."

ment, where members of the human family identify their interests with those of the animal and vegetable worlds, in preparing for the great change.

If one is a farmer of modest heritage, one tanks one's little house about with

"young stuff"—calves born in the pasture, which are as wild as deer, and as unapproachable.

If the farmer has a front cellar with an earth or sand floor, he subjects his lately-pulled beets and turnips to a second burial—drawing them forth as re-



Winter's artist work.

quired during the winter, and rejoicing to find them in as firm a state of preservation as when they were interred.

In the late pause before winter wears have fallen, the country housewife performs the last kind services for her garden family. She tenderly detaches the boney-snuckle from its trellis support, and covers it with straw; she swathe the half-hardy roses in winter wrappings, and tucks the strawberry bed beneath a blanket of fir boughs. Along the roadsides, or on tree-bordered lawns, where the maples' gorgeous burden now lies sere and pungent, children are seen frolicking madly amid the rustling leaves, and pressing them into bags to be used as winter bedding in stables and hen houses.

Now, also, the entire family of many a farmer occupies itself with drying apples, destined for mid-winter sauce and pie.

The roughest apples are best for this purpose: the variety known as the "Kontish Füllbaker" being especially well suited. The apples are pared, cored, and quartered, then strung by threaded darning needles in long white chains which are hung in loops and festoons about the kitchen stove to dry, or

are laid on trays in an open oven where they warp and shrivel till they are grotesque and leathery shapes, distorted past recognition, but fitted for keeping purposes. And dear to the heart of Canadians is the rare red apple sauce which these dried apples make, when allowed to swell the previous night, and to simmer slowly on the back of the stove for a whole day.

The first white plastering of snow is joyfully hailed by the children as an infallible sign that winter has arrived. But older heads know that between this unstable forerunner, and the Frost King's reign, come steadfast, penetrating rains, and brutal winds which range the land in a fury, and hubbly frozen roads where the earth temporarily stiffens, and blanches, to meet the first snow flakes; then backslides into mud, again.

The old saying that the snow which lasts must fall in mud, is generally correct. Some night you go to bed with the insistent wash of rain in your ears, and in the morning it is a fairy world. Every branch, and twig, and twiglet, is rimmed with soft aerial puffing. The crotches of the trees hold the snowy fluffs awkwardly, as though unused to



"The slow-crawling wood train, which grinds and creaks laboriously over the heavy rails—the drivers weather-browned; the horses often white with frost, and enveloped in a mist made by their rearing sides and steaming breath."

such dizzy burdens; and the veranda posts wear huge white helmets, piled soft as thistledown. After a time, the sun looks out to ravish the white world with a gold glory, and diamonds thick as dewdrops stud the mighty, spotless blanket of the snow—great brilliant things, shot through with light!

On the edges of the streams, which are not tight-frozen yet, the naked trees shudder in a refined agony of cold, and starting the season from its new-born



"A one-half cent per cube is paid to the boys for the great greasy squares which form the gutter bed."

lethargy, comes the sound of the first sleigh-bells.

The voices of the sleigh-bells. They are so instinct with variety, so imbued with associations, and memories. Sometimes they are thick with frost-rime, and ring out hoarsely, as if their tongues were furred beyond action. Sometimes they dash, silvery-clear, across the snow, in an abandonment of glee. On the wood-teams, their tones are deep and solemn, always, as befits their steady-going connection with the work-a-day world. Punctuating the monotony of November and December, come

the church oyster and chicken pie suppers; and as Christmas approaches, little cliques of village girls begin to work diligently upon dainty gifts for their friends and relatives—meeting at one another's houses with their bright work bags, while for two or three hours in the afternoon they sew and chat over the gay Christmas trifles. Sometimes the girl hostess will invite them to a real sit-down supper. Sometimes it will be five o'clock tea, with oyster patties, or cream puffs, as a toothsome innovation.

One of the episodes which we, as country Canadian children, used to associate with the short dark days of December, was "killing the pig." We would see the respectable porker gradually attain a condition of helpless corpulence. Then, in the dusky closing of some short-lived day, our unsleeping vigilance would discover a squad of men making their way around the corner of the barn, and revealing something in their uncompromising aspect which caused our hearts to flutter with forebodings. Later in the evening, still a-thrill with hor-

ror, we would see from the dining-room window a stark, white figure stretched on a sort of litter in the lee of the barn, and illuminated in a ghastly way by the flare of lanterns, while a smoking caldron stood near by, and the figures of the men flitted busily here and there.

The flashing lanterns, the blood-stained snow, the dark shapes of the men, made a scene which to us, was the embodiment of the weird and the uncanny; quite unconnected with the sausages, sous-meat and juicy roasts, which were names to conjure by in the days that followed.

There seems to be a growing custom for city dwellers to spend their Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter holidays, as well as their summer ones, in the country. Last winter, a jolly party of city boys and girls, known to the writer, and accompanied by a chaperone, spent the week after Christmas in a picturesque village resort which had never been before in its winter garb. Each day was dedicated to some out-of-door amusement, and the landlord had no cause to complain of appetites when his guests came trooping in from a snow-shoe

About the middle of February, we of the country expect with philosophic calmness the really pretentious snow storms of the season. The air seems full of spun glass particles, which well-nigh cut the blood out of one's face with their relentless lash. Through the white frown of the blizzard a blessed sun shines faintly, and across its pallid face go the driftings of the storm—



Winter fishermen keeping water over their "tip-up" sticks, which are driven slantwise over the ice-holes, and arranged with leather sals which fall when the fishing line is touched.

shredded, phantom-like things, floating ever on and on. Two such storms generally occur in a season; three days comprising their duration, when the Frost King yields in clear-ding brightness to the hoarse voice of the little red snow-plow engine, which, brow-beetled with icicles, struggles to the rescue of a truncheon, snow-submerged community.

In the country, in Canada, skating constitutes one of the orthodox winter amusements, since a lake, river, or pond, in the vicinity generally affords good



Cold weather sport—skating under the ice.



skating at some time during the season, or can be kept cleared by the boys. One memorable Christmas, the lake behind the writer's house was frozen in a lineless, gleaming sheet from edge to edge. Ah, the rare joy of it! Five miles of glare ice floor where one's steel blades

ing on isolated farms, consists chiefly in doing the "chores," and cutting and drawing wood to sell in near-by villages. Those slow-crawling wood-teams, driven by weather-browned men in bright toques and sashes, line the village streets in almost continuous squads on mid-



The fascinating bear-frost mornings when the trees are fuzzy with prickly, cotton-wool stuff.

could clip the shimmering mirror mile on mile, in a clangorous embrace. When the very vials of atmospheric purity were unbottled, regardless of economy, and one grew drunk with the air, the wild rhythmic motion, the lust of speed!

The mid-winter work of farmers liv-

ing on isolated farms, consists chiefly in doing the "chores," and cutting and drawing wood to sell in near-by villages. Those slow-crawling wood-teams, driven by weather-browned men in bright toques and sashes, line the village streets in almost continuous squads on mid-

gingly, or not at all, and the sledges groan and creak laboriously over it, the horses white with frost, and enveloped in a mist made by their reeking sides and smoking breath.

When a village borders on a lake or fresh-water pond, cutting and drawing ice, gives employment to a number of men. The ice-vendor lays in a supply for the following summer's trade, and often private individuals get a stock first-hand for their ice-houses; paying one and one-half cents a cake to the men who, day after day, saw the great greenish squares from the parent bed.

Other men of fluctuating and indefinite trade, constitute themselves winter fishermen, and wage a cold and tedious means of livelihood by fishing from holes cut in the ice. They generally build a little shanty in close proximity to a good fishing-ground, where they store their tools, and retire at intervals to warm their benumbed fingers, and beguile the monotony with soul-refreshing "yarns—keeping, at the same time, a sharp surveillance over their bristling grove of "up-up" sticks driven slantwise above the ice-holes, and arranged with leather bolts which fall when the fish tug the lines attached. The fish (consisting mainly of pickerel and lake trout) are sold to the village at about ten cents a pound. The demand often exceeds the supply, as the flesh of these fish, freshly taken from the ice-chilled water of the lake, is particularly firm and sweet-flavored.

With the Canadian farmers, winter is the social time of the whole year, since then, if ever, they enjoy what is known as a "sleek" season. In the villages, too, a varying tide of social life is always kept up. In a certain village known to the writer, each succeeding winter for a number of years, has brought its distinct and favorite amusement. One winter it was evening parties, where guessing contests of every description, were indulged in. Another year, the lot fell upon public dinners, given always for some ostensible reason, when the village folk—ladies, gentlemen and young people—would congre-

gate to enjoy an excellent menu, followed by speeches, toasts drunk in water, and music. It was a simple and pleasant way of bringing people together, and of promoting sociability.

Canadians are accustomed to regard winter as a single climatic condition. In reality, the most varied, and fascinating changes are rung upon the central theme. At times, the sunset colors are boiled to strongest dregs, and smeared in bloody welts, on the low south-west sky. Seen through a filter of dull-black (ice) trunks, over a stainless waste of snow, they seem to mark the trail of a red and fiery hand.

There are days when the winter world is dressed in the innocent baby colors of blue, and white. Such a ravishing, childish blue on the hills! Such a deepening, tender blue in the radiant sky! Such a white-swept earth, reaching away and away to the mountains!

There are the hoar-frost mornings, when the trees are fuzzy with prickly, cob-web stuff, and the snow is grey-gummed with a dazzling, frozen mesh.

There are the careless, inconsequent little snow storms, hardly caring whether they snow, or not. There are the fine, sifting storms which unobtrusively, but steadily, pack their tough crust, and drift the roads level. And there are the business-like snow storms, when the flakes come down nearly straight, are fair-sized, and very soft and downy. As one looks up, they appear a pale-gray color, and swarm and swirl in mighty conflict, like a tangle of mammoth mosquitoes. Sometimes a flock of snow flakes falls daintily, and separately, with the sun filtering through them—pale-gold, aerial things which spurn the ground, so lightly do they touch it.

But surpassing all these in magnificence, in wonder, in awesomeness, is the ice storm. It ushers in days that are pitiless and bitter, but beautiful as a dream. The trees stand stiffly, helplessly, in a glittering ice casing; run, as it were, in a mould of transparent sugar syrup which has cooled, and hardened on them. The sun dances cold and bright on their predicament, and a bru-

tal wind sings through them. One who has never heard the sound cannot imagine it. Those who have heard it, will never forget it—that awful singing in those anguished tree tops. Even the horses, as they pass beneath with sledges, look awed and startled at the wild, rasping dirge.

Following the due order of things, come, at last, our Canadian spring mornings—typical, charming, inimitable. There's nothing like them in the world! They ravish the soul out of your body in ecstasy. The air is a tonic, distilled to intoxication point. The surface layer of snow, slightly thawed by the warmth of the previous day, has frozen during the night, and will hear your weight. Floors are open to you on these radiant mornings which will be inaccessible when the ardent sun has again pressed the chaste snow to its yielding; and for a few exhilarating hours you can pass an unceremonious

"time-o'-day" with the tops of apple trees, or cultivate a walking acquaintance with the submerged tips of fence pickets.

And now, if you're a housewife, with the heart of woman in you, you make "vanity," and old-fashioned twisted doughnuts, and quivering custards, and lemon pies, for your family's delectation. And if you're a man, and a farmer, you watch with growing impatience the brown-backed ridges come through on the hill sides, for the action-inciting influences of seed-time, and spring plowing, have cast their feverish spell upon you.

From the barne the bleat of newborn lambs sounds weak and shrill, and in the blood-cells of the maples the sap is stirring. Already, the "hounds of spring are on Winter's traces," and we are trespassing on the precincts of another season.



A snowshoeing expedition in readiness for the start.

## In Harbour

By Archie P. McKishnie

Some months ago we accepted "In Harbour," having in mind the needs of our Christmas number. In presenting it in this issue we are confident our readers will not be disappointed, for it is a Christmas story in every sense, and yet it also has the element of romance. The characters are quaint—just such people as one likes to read about in the festive season of good will. And withal there's humor in it, too.

CAPTAIN STURBS sat before his roaring box-stove eating pea-nuts and throwing the shells at the cat. It was a cold windy day outside, with a wild sea booming on the shore and a wild sky bending threateningly above the winter world. But inside all was snug and cozy and comfortable. "Ship-shape and tight as a fiddle," was how the captain described his bachelor's home.

The last pea-nut demolished, the captain sighed and rolling the paper bag into a round pellet shied it at the blinking tabby.

"The captain was short, squat and how-legged. His face was round as an apple, red as an apple and adorned with a tuft of sandy chin-whisker that looked like a bunch of corn-silk after an October frost. This was hardly to be wondered at considering the fact that the good captain had spent most of his life on the deck of a ship and had been through near-frosts, white-frosts and black frosts a many, when the shooting spume, frozen to tiny invisible teeth, bit and gnawed and numbed the hands gripping the wheel.

"Thank the Lord I'm through with it," sighed the captain as his blue eyes surveyed the white-capped waves rolling in from the heaving sea. "Who wants a ship and dangers when he kin have a snug little home like this un an a cat to

keep him company? Let them as wants 'em have ships and dangers, for my part give me a cozy fire to crackle and a cat to sing. I don't ask fer nothin' more."

Suddenly the captain gave a start and peered closer out through the darkening gloom. A woman was coming down the street, a little, slender woman with a plaid shawl about her shoulders and her head bent before the gale. As she reached the opposite corner the rain began to fall in driving sheets while a fiercer gust of wind than its fellows swept through an alley and threatened to throw her from her feet.

The captain scratched his head and glanced at the wide-eyed cat. Then he glanced out of the window again. "By mackerel, if she ain't flyin' distress signals," he growled and reached for his oil-skins, hanging beside the stove. The woman was leaning against the wall shielding her face with her arm.

"Here marm," shouted the captain, rushing up, with all the grace of a towtug about to pick up a derelict, "pet these here onto you." He threw the oil-skin coat about her head and shoulders, and stood puffing and embarrassedly swinging the other part of the suit in his hands.

"Thank you," she said weakly. "This will do nicely. I couldn't think of depriving you of all your suit."

"No marm," shouted the captain, in want of something better to say. He shook the rain from his hair and combed his goatee with his fingers. "You're sick," he asserted, catching sight of her white face. "Come along marm, I'll tow ye inter dry-dock."

She made as though to demur but the captain grabbed her by the arm and in less than no time had her sitting beside his red-hot box stove. The cat stretched herself, yawned and climbed up on the visitor's lap.

"Not much of a dockin' place, marm," apologized the captain, "but any port in a storm say I, and I guess we didn't make harbour any too soon. Look at them hail-stones comin' adown. I declare they be as big as the eyes of a caught stow-away. Lucky I saw you, marm."

"Indeed it is," she said, smiling. "I was foolish to venture out to-day because I have been ill. I don't know what I should have done if you had not seen me and come to my assistance."

"Wall now," grinned the captain, "I'm awful glad that I was lookin' out of the window jest as you took bed. If I hadn't noticed that you needed a pick-up taint likely I'd of ever steamed your way at all, marm. And that don't seem jest right esin's we're neebors and should know one another better. You see marm I'm a retired sea captain. Stubbs is my name, Cap'n Eli Stubbs. I've been livin' here for two months now and most every day durin' that time I've seen you goin' out and driftin' in like. It's got to be a sorter habit with us tew keep an eye out fer you mornin' and evenin'."

"Us?"

"Meanin' me and Sarryann, marm. She takes an interest in everythin' that I do, ye see. I've got her trained that way. She's a troublesome old beggar and an awful snoot but she makes a mighty good shipmate jest the same."

The woman was looking into the fire. The smile had faded from her lips. Her face was white and just a trifle wistful. Looking at her, Captain Stubbs mentally commented on her charms. "A leetle

past middle age but still young and al-lars will be. Yes, like sea-stars and ha'r —"

Here his meditations were interrupted by her question.

"Do you think it right to say such things about her?"

The captain sat down weakly in a chair and combed his goatee miserably.

"Wall marm, ye see, she don't mind in the least and she knows that I wouldn't hurt her fer the world. Only once in my life did I lick her and then she deserved it."

"You licked her?" in a voice of horror.

"Yes, marm. I cuffed her right well, hut," with a dry smile, "I ain't never goin' to lick her ag'in. You see she scratched me up somethin' awful."

"I think I must be going," said the visitor hastily. "Let me thank you for your assistance and hospitality, Captain Stubbs, and permit me in turn to introduce myself. My name is Simpson, Mrs. Annie Simpson. I live in the little green cottage below the bridge."

"Oh yes marm, I've seed it lots of times," nodded the captain, "but ye wouldn't be in no hurry to go," he added hastily, "it's liable to come on rain ag'in."

"No," smiled the woman, "it's snowing now. Isn't that glorious? We'll have sleighing for Christmas, likely."

"Christmas? Wall now if I hadn't forgot all 'bout Christmas. Why I'll be everlastin' anchored if Christmas aint due right soon. Jest when is it, marm?"

"Why," she laughed, "it's to-morrow Captain. That's why I have beaved the elements to-day. Simply had to come on Jack's account. He kept at me and scolded me until I couldn't stand it any longer. He simply drove me forth to buy him his Christmas present."

The captain turned with a heavy frown on his face. "Does he really scold ye, marm," he asked.

"Oh yes, frightfully. He fairly chased me out of the house to-day."

"Humph." The captain's fingers were beating a tattoo on the chair back. "Drove her outer the house," he was

thinking, "the ternation villan! Wish I had him in hand I bet I'd make him walk the plank!" Aboard, he said, "If you'd be good enough I'll allow me to see you home, marm, I'd be right glad to do it. It jest might be as ye's be takin' another weak spell, if you'll permit my sayin' so."

"Oh, I'm sure I shall be all right now," she replied, "and you see I am not going directly home, captain. I have to go on to the store and buy Jack's present."

She smiled up at him again and the captain's heart thumped against his ribs. He had never expected to meet the woman who could make his heart flutter like a captured sea-swallow, in this way. Perhaps the ardor in his eyes communicated itself to her, for there was just the slightest and softest tinge of pink in her cheeks as she held out her hand.

"I want you to come over to-morrow," she said sweetly, "to come over and have Christmas dinner with us. I am sure Jack will like you, and—" she hesitated — "and I want you both to come."

"Ye mean I'm to bring Sarryann with me, marm?"

She nodded.

"Wall, if that's yer orders, I'll tow her across, but I won't insure that she'll conduct herself proper, marm. Ye see she don't never leave her leetle dook much, and strange surroundin's might make her a leetle pitchy. Howsever, I'll be ther to take a reef in her if she starts sailin' wild."

The next moment she was gone and the captain was left alone, conscious of a great and strange longing in his empty old heart. He sank into a chair and picked up the tatty cat from the floor.

"Think of her wantin' you over to her Christmas dinner, you scratheh old reprobate!" he grinned. Then he leaned back in his seat and laughed until the marine water colors on the wall rattled. "And think of her man drivin' her out in the rain to buy him a Christmas present," he groaned, "Oh Lord."

## II.

That night Captain Stubbs waded through the snow over to the big general store of Smith & Perkins and made some Christmas purchases. Two yards of green silk ribbon for Sarryann's neck, "in honor of her invite," a blue tie, a new derby hat and a few other trifling things. He stood a long time before a stand of silk umbrellas, felt carefully over some ladies' gossamers piled on a counter, stood for a full hour before a jewelry case and sauntered through the green house a number of times. Towards closing time he sought the private office of Mr. Smith.

That gentleman was busily engaged in totalling up long lines of figures on a piece of foolscap and glanced peevishly over his shoulder at the intruder. But his looked changed to a smile of welcome when he saw who his visitor was.

"Why Cap," he called cheerily, "glad to see you. Come in and sit down. Here, sit in this chair it's softest. Why man, I was just this very minute thinking of you and trying to add a lot of swimming figures at the same time. Suppose you want to know how the business is progressing eb? Well, it never has been better. I'm preparing a statement here and we'll have a shareholders' meeting at the end of the year. I know you'll be glad that you put a few thousands into a growing business, Captain."

The captain grinned and sat twirling his thumbs. "Oh, that's all right," he said, and swallowed hard.

"What's the matter cap?" asked the bewildered merchant. "Perhaps you're not just satisfied with the investment? If that's it, just say so and I'll take your shares right now. Here's me hand and here's me check-book," he laughed, "but I guess maybe it isn't that what bothers you."

"Well old friend, just tell me what it is then. You remember the time you pleted the 'Bessie Bell' through Devils Hobbies and you remember what I said to you then."

"I remember," sighed the captain, "and I'm here."

"And I'll be as good as my word, cap. What can I do for you?"

"You can be my chart, my compass and my pilot all in one," said the captain, wiping his brow on his handkerchief. "I'm all at sea lad. I'm in a fog and that's no mistake. I feel like a derelict with her seams sprung and her rudder gone. I've gotter be given a line or I'll founder around till I'm swamped sure and plenty."

"I'm here with the line cap," laughed the merchant. "line, lifebuoy and everything that's needed for a rescue. Now what's the trouble?"

"I'm wantin' to know what kind of a present to buy for a lady," stammered the captain. "I'm dizzy with tryin' to think it out. I kin close my eyes and see a whole fleet of overshoes, parasols, handkerchiefs and other things sailin' past, but I'm blest of I know what to grapple onto."

"Oh, that's easy," laughed Smith. "Is the lady married or single?"

"Married," growled the captain.

"Aha, I see. A little present for your wife, eh, Cap?"

"I sient got no wife," sourly.

Mr. Smith twisted about in his chair. "That's just what I told her," he affirmed, "but she declared you had."

"Who?" asked the wondering captain.

"Why, Mrs. Simpson. She's my wife's sister, you know, and she's a plucky little woman, let me tell you. She has been our head bookkeeper here, since her husband died three years ago. She won't let me help her at all. She even insists on paying rent for the cottage she lives in and which I happen to own. Yes, she heard me mention your name this afternoon. We were having a little visit, you see, she has been ill and has not been to the store for a week. She told me how you took her in out of the storm. She says you told her that your wife's name was Saryann."

Captain Stubbs had settled lower and lower in his chair until his sandy goatee was standing at right angles against his chest.

"And she," he said, wetting his lips,

"she told me that her husband's name was Jack."

"No, his name was Thomas, but her little boy's name is Jack."

Captain Stubbs wriggled slowly erect and slowly arose from his seat.

"I guess that's all now, thanks," he said. "No, there's somethin' else. I want to buy that cottage."

"You mean the one Mrs. Simpson is living in?"

"The same."

"Why Captain, I'm sorry, but I can't sell that cottage. I want her to live there just as long as she wishes."

"Well, what's that got to do with it?" stormed the Captain. "So do I want her to live there as long as she wishes. Do you think I'll molest her?"

"Oh well, that being the case—but you won't pay the price I'm asking Cap. You'll think it too high."

"Name it," growled the captain, reaching for the check book on Mr. Smith's table.

He filled in the figures Mr. Smith named without so much as a flutter of the eye lashes and handing the check to the astonished merchant said, with his old grin, "Now where's the deed?"

"Right here in the vault," replied Smith, "here you are Cap, I tell you, you're a wonder!"

"I'll see you again when I've somethin' worthwhile tellin' you," said the captain as he shook hands, "so long, and Merry Christmas."

He put the deed in his inside pocket and walked out, leaving the merchant shaking his head in perplexity.

### III.

Next morning when the glad Christmas bells were pealing out on the frosty air and the hush and hickory sticks in the box stove were crackling merrily, Captain Stubbs sat smoking his pipe and gazing thoughtfully at Saryann, curled on the rug at his feet.

"If I don't take that out *she'll* think I ain't a man of my word," he mused, "and if I do take her, she'll likely think me an idiot. What I relly ort to do is throw my anchor and stay right here. But I jest can't stay, that's all

there is to it. I want to see that little woman so much that I'm goin' to hist and get goin' pretty soon. If I

"Here you, Saryann," he commanded, "come on here and get your holiday buntin' on. Look at this here



CAPTAIN STUBBS.

go on the rocks it'll prove I ain't no good as a navigator, but I always was game to take a chance and I'm game yet!

green ribbon. People seem' it will sure call ye Irish but, hein' a cat, you shouldn't mind what they call ye.

There now you look like Mary Queen O'Seats and you should make some impression on the little widder. Get inter that basket and if you make any fuss or try to eat your way out, I'll never take ye to another Christmas dinner."

Along about ten o'clock, the captain, basket in hand, crunched his way along the street, bound for the green cottage on the hillside. Now and then a grin crossed his round face and occasionally a chuckle grumbled low in his throat, but for all that there was something akin to apprehension in his eyes. He was mad at himself one minute and pleased with himself next. "A year ago or no further away than yesterday if any lubber had told me that I would be driftin' round where shoals and rocks lay hid, I'd have hatted 'em, by the great smoked mackerel, I would," he told himself, slackening his pace as he neared the valley foot bridge. "But then again if anybody had told me that I'd meet a little wumman with eyes like sea stars and hair brown as the shell of a horse chestnut—oh pahaw, think of my fallin' in love at my time of life. I've a good notion to turn right round and go hum, but no, I'm going to steer this think through if it leaves me stranded high and dry."

He trunched across the bridge unconsciously quickening his pace as the curve in the road brought the little green cottage into view.

It stood on the side of a great hill that swept upward until its timbered crest brushed the low-hanging snow clouds. Below was the valley, now blanketed in snow, its little tinkling brook locked in the clutch of frost, but such a valley! The captain knew, for he had seen it when the velvet green of spring rested upon it, and beyond it lay the big booming sea, he knew and loved and understood. He knew that he would never drift far beyond the sound of its voice or the kiss of its salt spray.

His eyes travelled from the spear-tipped hill to the deep valley and the wide cove that marked the brook's mouth, and he sighed. If only he owned a spot like this, he thought, for-

getting for the moment that he did own it, one that commanded such a view of the ocean and held such a perfect little natural harbor as that cove wherein he might keep his own dingy, how great his joy would be. They would sail out through the purple mists of morning or cruise far up the coast when the day was creeping out behind the mountains, they—

He brought his thoughts up with a start. They? He grinned foolishly and lifted the basket up under his arm. "Saryann," he whispered, "there's no fool like an old fool. All fools dream, I guess, only I reckon wakin' up is harder on an old fool than a young un. You best lay quiet now and not muss your ribbon 'cause we're most there."

A thin spiral of blue smoke was ascending from the chimney of the green cottage and, as the captain passed through the gate, the smell of onions and savory drifted out to meet him. He slipped quietly up the lane and around the cow-stable until he found a door. This he opened cautiously and, placing the basket holding Saryann on a pile of straw, he closed the door again and walking around to the front of the cottage rang the bell.

The door was opened by a small boy with a rocking-horse, almost as large as himself, under one arm. He had brown eyes and brown hair.

"I guess you're Mr. Sanky Claus," he said, "come in. I'm much obliged for the rocking-horse."

"You are very welcome, I'm sure," said Captain Stubbs, seating himself by the fire and combing his goatee with his fingers. "But, you see, I'm not Mr. Sanky. I'm Captain Stubbs."

"Oh, I see," nodded the boy, "mother told me that you were coming and she said that I must entertain you until she was able to do so herself. She's in the kitchen, busting the turkey. Here she is now."

"Good morning, captain," spoke a pleasant voice behind him, "a very merry Christmas to you. I see that you and Jack are already friends."

The captain arose and bowing low

took the hand extended to him. Perhaps he unconsciously pressed it the slightest little bit, for his heart thumped strangely, as he noted the flush mount to the smiling face before him. "Thankee, marm," he stammered. "The same to yourself. Ye see marm, I have come over."

"We are glad," said his hostess. "It would have been a dull Christmas dinner for Jack and I all alone, but," she added, glancing around, "you were to bring—"

"She hesitated and the captain nodded. "Oh, I brought Saryann, all right," he grinned. "She's out in the cow-stable."

"In the cow-stable?" she repeated in amazement.

"Yes, marm. In a basket. Ye see cats is queer critters and I thought I'd find out if you kept a canary afore I brought Saryann inside."

"But I thought—" she commenced.

"I reckon I know what you thought, marm, but I ain't married. Never was for that matter. Ye see I've been too busy sailin' to settle down afore and now I reckon I'm most too wind-blistered and warped to ever find a wumman that'll have me. Nope, there ain't no Misses Stubbs, marm, otherwise I'd likely have brought her instead of Saryann."

"Please go and bring Saryann in," said the widow, with an effort. "I—I think I smell my turkey scorching."

Then she fled to the kitchen.

"Say," spoke Jack, from astride his wonderful yellow horse. "If you want a wife, Captain Stubbs, why don't you marry my mother. I haven't got any father now and I do want one. You'd make just a dandy father too, cause you could build me boats and tell me rippin' sea stories. Ma says you could and ma knows a whole lot."

"Jack, dear," called a stifled voice from the kitchen, "come here, I want you."

#### IV

All good things must come to an end. It was early twilight, a short lonesome winter's twilight. Outside the snow

was falling and the gray elate sea was booming. The Christmas dinner was over; the wonderful Christmas day was nearly done. On the cot little Jack lay sleeping, one arm thrown about the arching neck of his yellow charger. Before the glowing fire sat Widow Simpson and Captain Stubbs. On the mat at their feet lay Saryann, fed, happy and contented.

Silence had fallen between the two but twilight always invites silence. Besides, each of them was busy with his and her own thoughts. The captain was smoking. She had fairly commanded that he smoke and she was first officer of the brig, he reasoned. She had said that the smell of tobacco in a room made it more homelike. He didn't know anything about that but he did know that he wanted to smoke and so, after some coaxing, he had lit up.

They had had one of the most glorious of dinners. He had carved the turkey and, well, he had made himself pretty much at home. That was what the widow had begged him to do and somehow it was easy to make himself at home there with just her and Jack. What a charming little chap Jack was, to be sure. How he had laughed at the captain's funny stories and clapped his hands at his tales of adventure.

The captain was thinking it all over now. So was the widow. The captain was thinking of Jack's bit of advice. "If you want a wife why don't you marry my mother." Well, the widow was thinking of the very same thing so that it was perhaps natural for her to meet the foolish grin of the captain with a shy smile, when he broke away from his meditations to glance across at her.

The firelight played about her face and the gray eyes, that reminded him of sea-stars, were very soft.

The captain knocked the ashes from his pipe in the stove pan and cleared his throat. "Misses Simpson," he said hesitatingly. "I've had very few glad days in my life, but after this I can

always say that I've had one real happy day. Sometimes an old salt, arter bein' on the water for months, gets a scent of a lend breeze and it sorter makes him cry inside, cause it's jest a leetle taste of a great deal he's missed. That's how this day gets me, marm. I've allars been lonesome for jest such a home as this, hungry fer,—well, fer somebody who could talk with me and understand me. I'd be ashamed to tell this to anybody else but you, but somehow I don't mind tellin' you at all. I've missed a whole lot out of life, I guess, but I ain't goin' to complain now. Pretty soon me and Saryann'll be goin' out and back to our leetle cabin across the bridge and afore we go I want you to know jest how glad and happy you and Jack have made me feel. It's the fust Christmas I ever ate on land but I'm not fool enough to think that all Christmas dinners on land are like this one. What I was goin' to say is this. I've been more or less of a roamin' craft. I've never headed for any particular harbor and I've picked up a good deal of the yaller cargo durin' my tramp y'vages. In other words, I've got a leetle money that ain't doin' me no particular good and likely never will.

"Now then, seein's you and Jack has been so good to me, it's only right and proper that I should try and throw a leetle happiness your way if I kin, not that I feel I'm under any obligation to do it understand, but jest because it gives me happiness to be able to do it. I've got here somethin' I want you to accept ef a leetle Christmas box from me and—here it is, marm."

Captain Stubbs took from his pocket a long envelope and held it towards the widow.

She took it wonderingly and leaning forward so as the freight would fall upon it, drew from it a folded paper which she spread on her knees.

"Why—why—" she faltered, "it's the deed to this cottage! What does it mean, captain?"

"Well, ye see, marm," grinned the delighted captain, "I bought this here

cottage last night and I'm burnin' the deed now to you. It's your cottage now, ye see."

"Mine," she repeated, her face glowing white and her eyes large. "Mine! Oh, how I wish it were."

"But it is, jest as sure as anythin' it is!" exclaimed the captain.

She shook her head and slowly folding the deed put it back in the envelope.

"Thank you just the same," she smiled, "but I can't accept it. Don't you understand it is impossible for me to accept this cottage from you. Why, it would—people would—Oh, no, you must forgive me for refusing your generosity, Captain Stubbs, but I simply can't take your gift much as I would love to."

"I see," said the captain miserably. "I guess I understand, marm. I'm a leetle bit behind the times, I reckon, but I kin see now that you be right. You can't accept anythin' from me so," he hesitated and glanced towards the sleeping boy, "so I'll give the cottage to Jack," he grinned. "That's it, I'll give it to leetle Jack."

She shook her head. "You can't do even that," she said gently. "Jack is me, don't you understand? He is me. To allow him to accept would be the same as accepting myself." She handed the envelope back to him and went on, a little choke in her voice. "It was very thoughtful and generous of you to do this for us, Captain Stubbs. I appreciate it deeply because I know what feelings actuated it. But you must allow me to pay you rental for the cottage each month, providing you will allow us to remain in it."

"Of course you kin stay," said the captain absently. He put the deed in his pocket, looked out of the window at the darkening landscape, at the boy with his arm about the wooden horse, then back to the little woman who was now softly crying, her face between her hands. The captain noted that they were very slender, weak-looking hands. A strand of brown hair hung across them, reddish-brown it was in the fire-

light. He sighed and the slightest audible sob came from between those slender fingers. Then the captain did the only right and proper thing under the circumstances. He made towards the door. You see, the little woman with the brown hair was between him and the door and when he took those little hands in his big, hard ones and drew them down and saw that blushing face, why the inevitable simply had to happen.

It may have been half an hour, an hour or several hours later that Jack woke up. He yawned and rubbed his eyes and stared across at the pair in the freight. Then he pushed the yellow horse out of the way and said:

"I want Captain Stubbs to take me on his knee, too, mother. I want him to tell me the story of the tramp ship."

"Jack," said the captain, reaching down for the boy, "I'll tell you the story of how the tramp ship found a harbor."

So closed one happy Christmas day. It was late when the captain, his round face fairly glowing with joy, laid Little Jack on the cot and bringing forth the covered basket gazed down at Saryann sleeping peacefully on the rug.

"I sorter hate to wake her up," he grinned. "She seems so contented."

"Why not let her stay," whispered the woman, coming close to him and hiding her head on his shoulder, "you—you will only have to carry her back here again soon, won't you, captain?"

"Why, shiver me, if you ain't right," he laughed. "I forgot jest for the second that me and Saryann had found harbor."

## Railways More Profitable Than Manufacturing

That the net return on capital invested in railways is increasing more rapidly than the net return from manufactures appears from figures compiled by the Bureau of Railway Economics in Washington, D.C., established by the railways of the country for the scientific study of transportation problems. It has prepared a comparison of the capital values of agriculture, manufactures and railways. The estimates are based on the census returns from 1890 to 1904 and other official figures up to and including 1910.

Summarized, the comparison states, in part, that:—

"From 1900 to 1910 the capital value of agriculture increased from \$20,439,901,164 to \$40,991,449,090; the capital value of manufactures from \$8,975,256,000 to \$18,428,270,000; the cost of road and equipment of the railways from \$10,263,313,400 to \$14,387,818,069.

"The gross value of the products of manufacture increased from \$11,406,927,000 in 1900 to \$29,672,052,000 in 1910. The total operating revenues of the railways increased from \$1,487,-

044,814 to \$2,750,667,435. Thus the increase of 81.3 per cent. in the gross value of manufactured products was accompanied by an increase of 105.3 per cent. in manufacturing capital, while the increase of 85 per cent. in the total operating revenues of the railways was accompanied by an increase of only 40.2 per cent. in their cost of road and equipment.

"Approximately, the percentage of net return on the capital value of manufactures in 1900 was 17.119 per cent. and that on the cost of road and equipment of the railways of 4.650 per cent. In 1910, when the capital value of manufactures had increased 105.3 per cent., the percentage of net return was 12.041 per cent., while on the cost of road and equipment of the railways, which had increased 40.2 per cent., the percentage of net return was 5.729 per cent.—that is, in 1910 the percentage of net return on capital in manufactures was nearly four times as great as that on the cost of road and equipment of the railways; in 1910 it was more than twice as great. In both cases the interest on capital is included in net return."

## The Premier Painter of the Rockies

By John E. Staley

Following the article on Canadian Painting which appeared in the November issue of MacLean's, we are featuring a series for the next three or four weeks on Canadian Painters. Something of the careers of our leading artists will be given, together with illustrations of their work. The first sketch which is submitted herewith is of Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, the Premier Painter of the Rockies.

"ONE of the dreams of my early manhood was to visit and paint the Rockies, about whose magnificence all travellers raved. I dreamed this over and over again until the vision took form in finding myself, very early one summer's morning, at 'The Gap.' Never was a mountain peep-show more appropriately named. Right across an iridescent reach of the Bow River—gold-shot by the reflections of the mirror sky—stood out boldly the vanguard sentinels of the mountain host. Displaying the glint of their glacier accoutrements, they beckoned the enraptured pilgrim to explore their mysteries and their shrines." In some such words Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith relates the story of the psychic moment of his career.

Born in London—the Empire's metropolis—on September 26, 1846, with the painting instincts of his father, the child began to scribble as soon as he could toddle. Mr. Bell-Smith, senior, was a capable painter of portraits and miniatures, with a quarter of a century reputation. No habitué of studios and streets was better known than he. The mother of his little son was the daughter of a naval flag-officer, aristocratic by birth and bearing, and possessed of fine artistic traits.

With his father, and alone, the boy soon began to visit artists and watch their work, and to study paintings ex-

hibited in the picture galleries: his name was a sufficient introduction everywhere. At first the compositions, which naturally made the strongest appeals to him, were those which told a story; such, for example, as the humor of Mauredy, Leslie and Webster. At an early age he was able, at a glance, to distinguish a Hogarth, a Reynolds, a Turner, a Constable and so forth. This was in itself a liberal education in the Fine Arts. Entered as a pupil at the South Kensington School of Art, young Bell-Smith rapidly attained a position which rendered the elementary and conventional curriculum of that famous institution of little use.

No sooner were his drawing lessons over than the young lad was accustomed to sally forth into the busy thoroughfares, sketch-book in hand. Ensnared in some doorway, or alley, whence he could, undisturbed, observe the crowds passing to and fro, he jotted down whatever struck him in the constant movement. Sometimes he specialized in pages of noses, chins, brows, and so on, and, in certain well-known styles of people. In this way he prepared himself, perhaps unconsciously, for the first manner which subsequently marked his art. At fifteen Frederick Marlett had to huckle-toe to a business avocation and he became an assistant in a shirt and collar factory in Wood Street, Cheap-

side. There he could not restrain his drawing proclivities, for every collar-hox left the establishment decorated by his pencil, top and bottom. Much trouble came his way in consequence! When still in his teens, in water colors, he threw off quite a number of passable compositions—treating of social and

with much success, to reproduce the figures and the features of celebrities of the time.

The year 1866 was an important one in the history of the Bell-Smiths: it saw them landing as settlers upon the pleasant banks of the mighty St. Lawrence River. The year following, Frederick



Frederick Marlett Bell-Smith.

sportive humanities of the day. Among these were such subjects as "Wimbledon Common," "The National Rifle Association Meeting," "The Derby—Hermit's Year," "Rotten Row in the Season," and "Skating on the Serpentine." In these sketches the boy artist's aim was not merely to give the local colors and topography, but he attempted, and

Marlett joined his parents at Montreal, with his portfolio filled with studies, and quite a lot of finished water-color pictures. Alas, the market for such compositions was slow in Lower Canada; and, greatly discouraged, the young painter closed his sketch book and laid aside his palette. Refusing to be a burden to his kindly father he

looked about to make a living for himself. No art-craft in the sixties was more popular and more remunerative than photography, and at Montreal lived a man eminent and successful in that profession, one James Inglis, a Scot of the Scots. To him young Bell-Smith offered himself, and, being accepted, he remained thenceforward in the service of the camera for twelve strenuous years

whit! At twenty-five Frederick Mariett Bell-Smith led a blushing bride to the hymeneal altar, and set up a modest ménage in Hamilton. The girl of his choice was Myra, a daughter of Mr. Samuel Dyde, and niece of Colonel John Dyde, A.D.C., all of Canadian birth. Their honeymoon was short and then, for eight long years, work early work late was the tenor of the young



The Great Divide.

—working away at Montreal and Hamilton. Meanwhile the resourceful "improver" displayed the grit that was in him in quite another direction; he patriotically enlisted as a volunteer for the Fenian campaign of 1870. By the way, it is not a little remarkable, and not a little to their honor, that almost all the older painter-men to-day in Canada have done yeoman service—their rifles in their hands.

Drudgery or no, Cupid cared not one

married couple's lives. Photography—painting—photography established Bell-Smith's consistent fame, and perseverance had its due reward. The Royal Canadian Academy was chartered in 1880, when, among the Associates, appeared the worthy name of Frederick Mariett Bell-Smith. This honor proved to be a turning point in his career.

Wary of the monotony of life and looking around in vain for inspirations—things artistic were dead as dead

could be in Canada—Mr. and Mrs. Bell-Smith packed their trunks, gave up their home and started off across the seas. He determined "to do something significant for art," like—another Fred-

Colorossi's Studio, and put himself under the tuition of Courtois, Dupain and Blanc. This he did, not so much for the sake of gaining for his work as a draughtsman and colorist a coating of



Lake O'Hara.

erick—Frederick, Lord Leighton—for the land of his adoption. After a brief sojourn in Britain they found themselves in Paris, where, whilst she made a pretty home, he joined himself to

French polish, as to prove his worthiness of his title as a Canadian painter. He had much leeway to make up and a dear wife to maintain besides. Happy was he in the partner of his heart—a





Sunrise on the Olympians.

good wife is ever a splendid investment for a rising man—and, although Mrs. Bell-Smith never expressed herself on carton or canvas, her perfect candor made her the best of critics.

That Paris sojourn showed the erstwhile sketcher of the life of London streets to be in his element upon the bustling boulevards and along the busy river quays. The mutations of color fascinated him, so that his facility in draughtsmanship was strengthened by appreciation of atmospheric variations. Impressions, such as Camille Pissarro was wont to throw off, were added to his London suites: "Notre Dame by Evening Light," "Tour St. Jacques," "Les Halles," "Boats on the Seine," were some of the names he wrote upon his canvases. In Paris Bell-Smith began first to paint seriously in oils. Love of France and of the French became a new motive in his life, a motive still operative in the choice of conversation and reading in his Toronto home and social circle.

But, hark! Amid the thundering dissonance of the rock-shattering western Atlantic are plaintive songs of sirens singing sweetly upon the dulcet banks and reefs of the Canadian shore—ever bringing harmony out of discord. Echoes of Nature's orchestration floating mid sea and sky were wafted Europewards, until they found responsive measures in the heart of the painter by the Seine. The Lady of the Snows had her sea-maidens and her river-nymphs win back to her High Court in Canada her foster son. A cheery welcome awaited the amiable couple's return to the Dominion, and they furnished a simple homestead with a studio attached at London in Ontario.

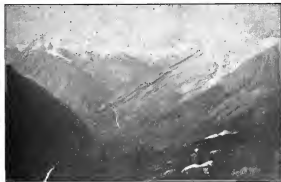
Bell-Smith at once began to paint Canadian subjects in oils: his first composition of the series appeared in 1890—"In the Heart of the White Mountains." It was a great success, and, after a battle of eager bidders, it passed into the possession of the Art Gallery of the city of Sherbrooke, Quebec. Recog-

nizing the artist's talent and his perseverance his brothers of the brush rallied round him encouragingly. Once started upon this new campaign he took abundant toll of peak and glacier, of lake and forest; and, in more restful humor, sought inspirations from wide Britannia's realm. Landscapes and marine subjects danced in couples off his palette. His figure, alert and manly, was as familiar up in the highlands of Ontario as on the beaches of Maine and Fundy Bay. During his seven years' residence in London (1881-88) he occupied double chairs in the Faculty of Arts College, St. Thomas, as Director of Fine Arts and Professor of Education, and he also taught chalk drawing in the public schools.

Lack of paying patronage is the ruin of many a brilliant disciple of the Fine Arts, and this came within Bell-Smith's experience too. Casting about for sympathy and aid, in 1887, he was thrown into contact with a famous maker of men and roads—William Van Horne, of Canadian Pacific Railway fame. Pleading with him the cause of his art the magnate recognized the advantage

to all concerned of good pictorial displays of the scenery of that remarkable line, and, noting Bell-Smith's ability and renown—he had been made a Royal Academician in 1886—he caused a pass over the whole railway system to be granted to him—other Canadian painters also sharing the privilege. The happy man lost no time in packing his valise and painting kit and off he started buoyantly to the land of majestic beauty—the Rockies—where his fancy had already found a pitch.

What pen, what brush, can adequately delineate that magical panorama of towering, forest, glacier peaks—the Canadian Dolomites!—that sky, so lofty and limitless, so ethereally blue as scarcely to seem to touch the topmost snow fields of them all—those aiguilles of gold and silver and vermillion, piercing the green-blue-purple vaulted heaven!—those dark mysterious canyons, wrenching apart with savage aspect Nature's beauty spots!—those exquisite lakes of translucent enamel in settings of coral and malachite—or fringed with emerald verdure!—those sublime wild-wood effects of land and sky, when the ele-



Herald Range



Funeral of Sir John Thompson.

ments are at war, or when peacefully slumbering in shimmering mist and rain! The human eye may indeed take in much of this paganism, and the heart may feel its ravishment, but man's wit cannot fashion words to tell the impressions of his brain.

Staggered at the immensity of it all Bell-Smith sought counsel with the coronation deities, and they gently led the neophyte within the threshold of their domain, and unfolded to his dazzled gaze, bit by bit, its beauties and its charms. In 1888 the inspired painter put up his easel in Toronto and set to work to illustrate as best he could the ritual he had learned. Breaking with delusions of the past a new horizon filled his soul and fresh inspiration carried him on. His last link with the past, "The Ottertail Mountains," he exhibited at the London Royal Academy the same year, and then he went ahead. The illustrations of this article are representative of the treasures Bell-Smith extracted from the Canadian country of the gods.

Now for a word or two about the

method he adopts in his oil-painting. First, the subject he wishes to transfer to canvas he fixes in his brain, he dwells upon it with the utmost intensity, until it becomes a stable property of his imagination. Next, he sets down, tentatively, what he has created mentally, in any handy medium, and elaborates his sketch in color-wash to form the ground work of his painting scheme. Lastly, he stretches his canvas, marks out his values, paints in the body colors—making use of accessories and details—and carefully finishes his work.

Rarely Bell-Smith paints direct from Nature: his "Rockies" are too tremendous, but, at the same time, absolutely inspiring. The fleeting effects of atmosphere cannot be fastened down there and then. A glimpse is sufficient for the execution of his scheme: he paints best with closed eyes—so to speak—in the dark room of his studio, for he paints there what he feels. Variations in effects of atmosphere are like asphyx which move capriciously the foliage of the trees. The extant colors of Nature's shrines are ever

changing—sometimes dissolving like iridescent bubbles: at others floating hither and thither incontinently like lightest feather-down. All this is surely true of the delicious poetry of painting! Bell-Smith's canvases express together the epic and lyric measures he has learned so well in the glorious mountain sanctuaries.

Those painting expeditions—the latest was in 1910—have not, of course, been without episodes and incidents. "I very well remember," the painter relates, "once, when I was sketching a glacier in the Selkirk, with Mount Sir Donald right in front of me, I had placed my easel on a spot whence ran a glorious vista of pine trees. I bent peacefully to my task, but I soon became conscious of a movement in the underwood, and I had an apprehension of something uncanny about to happen. A curious sound struck my ear, one which I had only once heard before in my life, and that a few days before at Calgary. The inn-keeper there said he would show me something out of the

ordinary. A sound between a grunt and a growl greeted our approach, and presently I was face to face with a grizzly—in captivity. Now, again, I heard that grunting-growl and it was quite near to me. I had no weapon of any kind, I was defenceless, but sure enough a bear was stalking me! I considered what I had better do; to run meant the race was to the fastest, and that was not me—to climb a tree was for the most agile, and that also was not me. My only course was to sit still and go on painting. I remember I felt no special fear, but I was surprised by the rapid throbbing of my heart. Brain emerged from the greenery right in front of me, snuffed up and down only a few paces away, surveying me and my easel for a moment, and then—quietly trotted off, and soon I lost him in the forest. I need not add, perhaps, my half-mile time to the hotel was a record!"

Bell-Smith takes relaxation in moderation. What he likes best is stage-management of amateur theatricals.



Morning on the Pacific Coast.

His specialty is the rendition of Dickensian characters. Almost every thrilling pleasant scene and episode, in that wide range of literature, has had, in him, a whole-hearted impresario. His

my painting visions—whilst the best of it is, that my dear wife shares my tastes." Mr. and Mrs. Bell-Smith are now peaceful and contented sharers of an honorable retrospect. Ever sym-



Opelika Pass

object, however, is not merely recreation, for the proceeds of his "plays" are devoted to charitable objects. "Yes," he says, "I greatly enjoy a good play and, above all, I love music—nothing is more soothing and helpful to me in

shade, though of most retiring disposition, she has, perhaps without knowing it, been the mainspring of their life's success. Her quiet manner, her simplicity of purpose, her homeliness, have all been comforting factors in the vic-

situdes of his career. Unruffled by the freaks of fashion she has patiently and tactfully disentangled him in many of life's difficulties.

Honors have come abundantly to the modest painter, but, that which crowned them all, was bestowed upon him by Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, when she was in Canada, wife of the Governor-General, saw and admired Bell-Smith's work, desired that he might be introduced to her, and purchased one of his pictures. When told

act of placing a wreath upon the coffin of the deceased statesman.

With respect to the permanence of his art two things must be stated. First of all, his oil paintings demonstrate richness rather than lavishness in the use of colors. The good tone, which is overspreading his brushwork—like bloom upon ripe fruit—is indicative of the employment of none but the best materials. Secondly, Bell-Smith's style has improved with advancing years, and this most markedly. An art connoisseur of note, in Toronto, who knows



London Bridge—A Wet Day.

that he greatly wished a commission from the Queen, the Princess sent for him and personally presented him to Her Majesty. Very graciously she gave the Canadian artist sittings: the beautiful little portrait, he painted at Windsor, now hangs in Mrs. Bell-Smith's drawing-room. This was by way of being a study for the historical picture Bell-Smith painted in 1905 of "The Funeral of Sir John Thompson, late Premier of the Dominion." He died suddenly at Windsor Castle, and, in the painting, Her Majesty is seen in the

him well and his work, says: "There is no living painter in Canada who has made anything like the advance he has made in the quality of his painting." "A Bell-Smith" has become a necessary adjunct in every collection of importance in the Dominion. His delicacy of touch, his refinement of treatment, his conscientiousness of rendition, the ability of his technique, and the clear-obscure-poetic charm of every one of his compositions have well earned for Mr. Bell-Smith his title—"The Premier Painter of the Rockies."

# The Smoke Bellew Series

## Tale Twelve: WONDER OF WOMAN!

By Jack London

As a writer of stories of the Smoke Bellew type Jack London is in a class by himself. A big, strong, active fellow himself, he knows full well the life of which he writes—the life of freedom and adventure in the wilds. The Smoke Bellew series, which has run in MacLean's throughout the year and has been followed with so much interest, will be concluded in January, when the second installment of "Wonder of Woman" will be published.

### PART I

"JUST the same I notice you ain't troubled over yourself to get married," Shorty remarked, continuing a conversation that had lapsed some few minutes before.

Smoke, sitting on the edge of the sleeping robe and examining the feet of a dog he had rolled snarling on its back in the snow, did not answer. And Shorty, turning a steaming moccasin propped on a stick before the fire, studied his partner's face keenly.

"Cock your eye up at that there sursa borealis," Shorty went on. "Some frivolous, eh? Just like any shilly-shallyin', skid-dancing woman. The best of them is frivolous, when they ain't foolish. And they's cats, all of 'em, the littlest an' the biggest, the nicest and the otherwise. They're sure dovors' lions an' roaring hyenas when they get on the trail of a man they've cottoned to."

Again the monologue languished. Smoke cuffed the dog when it attempted to snap his hand, and went on examining its bruised and bleeding pads.

"Huh!" pursed Shorty. "Mebbe I couldn't a-married if I'd a mind to! An' mebbe I would n't a-ben married without a mind to, if I hadn't hiked

for tall timber. Smoke, d'you want to know what saved me? I'll tell you. My wind. I just kept a-runnin'. I'd like to see any skid run me outa breath."

Smoke released the animal and turned his own steaming, stick-propped moccasins.

"We've got to rest over to-morrow and make moccasins," he vouchsafed. "That little crust is playing the devil with their feet."

"We oughta keep goin' somehow," Shorty objected. "We ain't got grub enough to turn back with, and we gotta strike that run of caribou or them white Indians almighty soon or we'll be eatin' the dogs sore feet an' all. Now who ever seen them white Indians anyway? Nothin' but hearsay. An' how can a Indian be white? A black white man'd be as natural. Smoke, we just oughta travel to-morrow. The country's plumb dead of game. We ain't seen even a rabbit track in a week, you know that. An'd we gotta get out of this dead streak into somewhere that meat's runnin'."

"They'll travel all the better with a day's rest for their feet and moccasins all around," Smoke counselled. "If you get a chance at any low divide, take

a peep over at the country beyond. We're likely to strike open, rolling country any time now. That's what La Perle told us to look for."

"Huh! By his own story, it was ten years ago that La Perle come through this section, an' he was that loco from hunger he couldn't know what he did see. Remember what he said of whop-pin' big flags floatin' from the tops of the mountains? That shows how, loco he was. An' he said himself he never seen any white Indians—that was Anton's yarn. An', besides, Anton kicked the bucket two years before you an' me come to Alaska. But I'll take a look to-morrow. An' mebbe I might pick up a moose. What d'you say we turn in?"

### II.

Smoke spent the morning in camp, sewing dog-moccasins and repairing harnesses. At noon he cooked a meal for two, ate his share, and began to look for Shorty's return. An hour later he strapped on his snowshoes and went out on his partner's trail. The way led up the bed of the stream, through a narrow gorge that widened suddenly into a moose-pasture. But no moose had been there since the first snow of the preceding fall. The tracks of Shorty's snowshoes crossed the pasture and went up the easy slope of a low divide. At the crest Smoke halted. The tracks continued down the other slope. The first spruce trees, in the creek bed, were a mile away, and it was evident that Shorty had passed through them and gone on. Smoke looked at his watch, remembered the oncoming of darkness, the dogs and the camp, and reluctantly decided against going farther. But before he retraced his steps he paused for a long look. All the eastern sky-line was saw-toothed by the snowy backbones of the Rockies. The whole mountain system, range upon range, seemed to trend to the north-west, cutting shortward the course to the open country strewed by La Perle. The effect was as if the mountains conspired to thrust back the traveler toward the west and the Yukon. Smoke wondered how many men in the

past, approaching as he had approached, had been turned aside by that forbidding aspect. La Perle had not been turned aside, but then, La Perle had crossed over from the eastern slope of the Rockies.

Until midnight Smoke maintained a huge fire for the guidance of Shorty. And in the morning, waiting with camp broken and dogs harnessed for first break of light, Smoke took up the pursuit. In the narrow pass of the canyon, his lead-dog pricked his ears and whined. Then Smoke came upon the Indians, six of them, coming toward him. They were traveling light, without dogs, and on each man's back was the smallest of pack-outfits. Surrounding Smoke, they immediately gave him several matters for surprise. That they were looking for him was clear. They were not White Indians, though they were taller and heavier than the Indians of the Yukon basin. Five of them carried the old-fashioned, long-barreled Hudson Bay Company musket, and in the hands of the sixth was a Winchester rifle which Smoke knew to be Shorty's.

Nor did they waste time in making him a prisoner. Unarmed himself, Smoke could only submit. The contents of the sled were distributed among their own packs, and he was given a pack composed of his and Shorty's sleeping furs. The dogs were unharnessed, and when Smoke protested, one of the Indians, by signs, indicated a trail too rough for sled-travel. Smoke bowed to the inevitable, echoed the sled on-on in the snow on the bank above the stream, and trudged on with his captors. Over the divide to the north they went, down to the spruce trees which Smoke had glimpsed the preceding afternoon. They followed the stream for a dozen miles, abandoning it when it trended to the west and heading directly eastward up a narrow tributary.

The first night was spent in a camp which had been occupied for several days. Here was cached a quantity of dried salmon and a sort of pemmican, which the Indians added to their packs. From this camp a trail of many snow-

shoes led off—Shorty's captors, was Smoke's conclusion; and before darkness fell he succeeded in making out the tracks Shorty's narrower snowshoes had left. On questioning the Indians by signs, they nodded affirmation and pointed to the north.

Always, in the days that followed, they pointed north; and always the trail, turning and twisting through a jumble of upstanding peaks, trended north. Everywhere, in this bleak snow-solitude, the way seemed barred, yet over the trail curved and coiled, finding low divides and avoiding the higher and untravelable chains. The snowfall was deeper than in the lower valleys, and every step of the way was snowshoe work. Furthermore, Smoke's captors, all young men, traveled light and fast; and he could not forbear the prick of pride in the knowledge that he easily kept up with them. They were trail-hardened and trained to snowshoes from infancy; yet such was his condition that the traverse bore no more of ordinary hardship to him than to them.

In six days they gained and crossed the central pass, low in comparison with the mountains it threaded, yet formidable in itself and not possible for loaded sleds. Five days more of tortuous winding, from lower altitude to lower altitude, brought them to the open, rolling, and merely hilly country La Perle had found ten years before. Smoke knew it with the first glimpse, on a sharp cold day, the thermometer forty below zero, the atmosphere so clear that he could see a hundred miles. Far as he could see rolled the open country. High in the east the Rockies still thrust their snowy ramparts heavenward. To the south and west extended the broken ranges of the projecting spur-system they had crossed. And in this vast pocket lay the country La Perle had traversed—snow-blanketed, but assuredly fat with game at some time in the year, and in the summer, a smiling, forested and flowered land.

Before mid-day, traveling down a broad stream, past snow-buried willows and naked aspens, and across heavily

timbered flats of spruce, they came upon the site of a large camp, recently abandoned. Glancing as he went by it, Smoke estimated four or five hundred fires, and guessed the population to be in the thousands. So fresh was the trail and so well pecked by the multitude, that Smoke and his captors took off their snowshoes and in their moccasins struck a swifter pace. Signs of game appeared and grew plentiful—tracks of wolves and lynxes that without meat could not be. Once, one of the Indians cried out with satisfaction and pointed to a large area of open snow, littered with fang-polished skulls of caribou, trampled and disrupted as if an army had fought upon it. And Smoke knew that a big killing had been made by the hunters since the last snow flurry.

In the long twilight no sign was manifested of making camp. They held steadily on through a deepening gloom that vanished under a sky of light—great, glittering stars half-veiled by a greenish-vapor of pulsing aurora borealis. His dogs caught it first, the noises of the camp, pricking their ears and whining in low eagerness. Then it came to the ears of the humans, a murmur, dim with distance, but not invested with the soothing grace that is common to distant murmurs. Instead, it was in a high, wild key, a beat of shrill sound broken by shriller sounds—the long wolf-howling of many wolf-dogs, a screaming of unrest and pain, mournful with hopelessness and rebellion. Smoke swung back the crystal of his watch and by the feel of finger-tips on the naked hands made out eleven o'clock. The men about him quickened. The legs that had lifted through a dozen strenuous hours, lifted in a still swifter pace that was half a run and mostly a running jog. Through a dark spruce flat they burst upon an abrupt glare of light from many fires and upon an abrupt increase of sound. The great camp lay before them. And as they entered and threaded the irregular runways of the hunting camp, a vast tumult, as in a wave, rose to meet them and rolled on with them—cries, greetings, questions



ENARS.

and answers, jokes and jokes thrust back again, the snapping snarl of wolf-dogs rushing in furry projectiles of wrath upon Smoke's stranger-dogs, the scolding of squaws, laughter, the whim-

pering of children and wailing of infants, the moans of the sick aroused afresh to pain, all the pandemonium of a camp of nerveless, primitive wilderness folk.

Striking with clubs and the huts of guns, Smoke's party drove back the attacking dogs, while his own dogs, snapping and snarling, awed by so many enemies, shrank in among the legs of their human protectors, themselves bristling along stiff-legged in menacing prance.

They halted in the trampled snow by an open fire, where Shorty and two young Indians, squinted on their hams, were broiling strips of caribou meat. Three other young Indians, lying in furs on a mat of spruce boughs, sat up. Shorty looked across the fire at his partner, and with a sternly impressive face, like those of his companions, made no sign and went on broiling the meat.

"What's the matter?" Smoke demanded, half in irritation. "Lost your speech?"

The old familiar grin twisted on Shorty's face.

"Nope," he answered. "I'm a Indian. I'm learrin' not to show surprise. When did they catch you?"

"Next day after you left."

"Hum," Shorty said, the light of whimsy dancing in his eyes. "Well, I'm doin' fine, thank you most to death. This is the bachelor's camp." He waved his hand to embrace its magnificence, which consisted of a fire, beds of spruce boughs laid on top of the snow, flies of caribou skin, and wind-shields of twisted spruce and willow withes. "An' these are the bachelors." This time his hand indicated the young men, and he spat a few broken gutters in their own language that brought the white flash of acknowledgement from eyes and teeth. "They're glad to meet you, Smoke. Set down an' dry your moccasins, an' I'll cook up some grub. I'm gettin' the hang of the lingo pretty well, ain't I? You'll have to come to it, for it looks as we'll be with these folks a long time. They's another white bear. Got caught six years ago. He's a Irishman they picked up over Great Slave Lake way. Danny McCann is what he goes by. He's settled down with a squaw. Got two kids already, but he'll skin out if ever the chance opens up.

See that low fire over there to the right? That's his camp."

Apparently this was Smoke's appointed domicile, for his captors left him and his dogs, and went on deeper into the big camp. While he attended to his foot-gear and devoured strips of hot meat, Shorty cooked and talked.

"This is a sure peach of a pickle, Smoke—you listen to me. An' we got to go some to get out. These is the real, blowed-in-the-glass wild Indians. They ain't white, but their chief is. He talks like a mouthful of hot mush, an' he ain't full-blood Scotch they ain't no such thing as Scotch in the world. He's the *hi-yu, skookum*, top-chief of the whole caboodle. What he says goes. You want to get that from the start-off. Danny McCann's been tryin' to get away from him for six years. Danny's all right, but he ain't got to go in him. He knows a way out—learned it on huntin' trips—to the west of the way you an' me come. He ain't had the nerve to tackle it by his lonely. But we can pull it off, the three of us. Whiskers is the real goods, but he's mostly loco just the same."

"Who's Whiskers?" Smoke queried, pausing in the wolfing down of a hot strip of meat.

"Why, he's the top gesser. He's the Scotcher. He's gettin' old, an' he's sure asleep now, but he'll see you to-morrow an' show you clear as print what a meanly shrimpy you are on his stompin' grounds. These grounds belong to him. You got to get that into your noodle. They ain't never been explored, nor nothin', an' they're his. An' he won't let you forget it. He's got about twenty thousand square miles of huntin' country here all his own. He's the white Indian, him an' the skit—Hu! Don't look at me that way. Wait till you see her. Some looker, an' all white, like her dad—he's Whiskers. An' yep, caribou! I've saw 'em. A hundred thousand of good runnin' meat in the herd, an' ten thousand wolves an' cats a-followin' an' livin' off the stragglers an' the leavin's. We leave the leavin's. The herd's movin' to the east, an' we'll be

followin' 'em any day now. We eat, an' our dogs, an' what we don't we smoke-cure for the spring before the salmon-run gets its swing in. Say, what Whiskers don't know about salmon an' caribou, nobody knows, take it from me."

### III.

"Here comes Whiskers lookin' like he's goin' somewhere," Shorty whispered, reaching over and wiping greasy hands on the coat of one of the sled-dogs.

It was morning, and the bachelors were squatting over a breakfast of caribou meat, which they broiled as they ate. Smoke glanced up and saw a small and slender man, skin-clad like any savage but unmistakably white, striding in advance of a sled-team and a following of a dozen Indians. Smoke cracked a hot bone, and while he sucked out the steaming marrow gazed at his approaching host. Bushy whiskers, yellowish gray and stained by camp smoke, concealed most of the face but failed wholly to conceal the grunt, almost cadaverous cheeks. It was a healthy leanness, Smoke decided, as he noted the wide flare of the nostrils and the breadth and depth of chest that gave spicuousness to the guaranty of oxygen and life.

"How do you do," the man said, slipping a mitten and holding out his bare hand. "My name is Snass," he added, as they shook hands.

"Mine's Bellew," Smoke returned, feeling peculiarly disconcerted as he gazed into the keen-searching black eyes.

"Gettin' plenty to eat, I see." Smoke nodded and resumed his marrow-bone, the burr of Scottish speech strangely pleasant to his ears.

"Rough rations. But we don't starve often. And it's more natural than the hand-reared meat of the cities."

"I see you don't like cities," Smoke laughed, in order to be saying something; and was immediately startled by the transformation Snass underwent.

Quite like a sensitive plant, the man's entire form seemed to wilt and quiver.

Then the recoil, tense and savage, counteracted in the eyes, in which appeared a hatred that screamed of immeasurable pain. He turned abruptly away, and, recollecting himself, remarked casually over his shoulder:

"I'll see you later, Mr. Bellew. The caribou are moving east, and I'm going ahead to pick out a location. You'll all come on to-morrow."

"Some Whiskers, that, eh?" Shorty muttered, as Snass pulled on at the head of his outfit.

Again Shorty wiped his hands on the wolf-dog, who seemed to like it as it licked off the delectable grease.

### IV.

Later on in the morning Snass went for a stroll through the camp. Busy it was with its primitive pursuits. A big body of hunters had just returned and the men were scintillating to their various fires. Women and children were departing with dogs harnessed to empty to-boggan-sleds and women and children and dogs were hauling sleds heavy with meat fresh from the killing and already frozen. An early spring cold-snap was on, and the wildness of the scene was painted in a temperature of thirty below zero. Woven cloth was not in evidence. Furs and soft-tanned leather clad all alike. Boys played with bows in their hands, and quivers of bone-barbed arrows; and many a skinning-knife of bone or stone Smoke saw in belts or neck-hanging sheaths. Women toiled over the fires, smoke-curing the meat, on their locks infants that stared round-eyed and suckled at lumps of tallow. Dogs, full-kin to wolves, bristled up to Smoke to endure the menace of the short club he carried and to whiff the odor of this newcomer whom they must accept by virtue of the club.

Segregated in the heart of the camp, Smoke came upon what was evidently Snass's fire. Though temporary in every detail, yet it was solidly constructed and was on a large scale. A great heap of bales of skins and outfit was piled on a scaffold out of reach of the dogs. A large canvas fly, almost half-

tent, sheltered the sleeping and living quarters. To one side was a silk tent—the sort favored by explorers and wealthy big-game hunters. Smoke had never seen such a tent, and stepped closer. As he stood looking, the flaps parted and a young woman came out. So quickly did she move, so abruptly did she appear, that the effect on Smoke was as that of an apparition. He seemed to have the same effect on her, and for a long moment they gazed at each other.

She was dressed entirely in skins, but such skins and such magnificent beautiful fur-work Smoke had never dreamed. Her parka, the hood thrown back, was of some strange fur of palest silver. The mukchus, with walrus-hide soles, were composed of the silver-padded foot of many lynxes. The long-gloved mittens, the tassets at the knees, all the varied furs of the costume, were pale silver that shimmered in the frosty light; and out of this shimmering silver peeped on slender, delicate neck, lifted her head, the rosy face blonde as the eyes were blue, the ears like two pink shells, the light chestnut hair touched with frost-dust and coarsening frost-glints.

All this and more, as in a dream, Smoke saw, then, recollecting himself, his hand fumbled for his cap. At the same moment the wonder-stars in the girl's eyes passed into a smile, and, with movements quick and vital, she slipped a mitten and extended her hand.

"How do you do," she murmured gravely, with a queer, delightful accent, her voice, silvery as the furs she wore, coming with a shock to Smoke's ears, attuned as they were to the harsh voices of the camp squaws.

Smoke could only mumble phrases that were awkwardly reminiscent of his best society manner.

"I am glad to see you," she went on slowly and gropingly, her face a ripple of smiles. "My English you will please excuse. It is not good. I am English like you," she gravely assured him. "My father he is Scotch. My mother she is dead. She is French, and Eng-

lish, and a little Indian, too. Her father was a great man in the Hudson Bay Company. Brrr! It is cold." She slipped on her mitten and rubbed her ears, the pink of which had already turned to white. "Let us go to the fire and talk. My name is Lahiskwee. What is your name?"

And so Smoke came to know Lahiskwee, the daughter of Snass, whom Snass called Margaret.

"Snass is not my father's name," she informed Smoke. "Snass is only an Indian name."

Much Smoke learned that day, and in the days that followed, as the hunting camp moved on in the trail of the caribou. These were the real wild Indians—the ones Anton had encountered and escaped from long years before. This was nearly the western limit of their territory, and in the summer they ranged north to the tundra shores of the Arctic, and eastward as far as the Luskwia. What river the Luskwia was Smoke could not make out, nor could Lahiskwee tell him, nor could McCan. On occasion Snass, with parties of strong hunters, pushed east across the Rockies, on past the lakes and the Mackenzie, and into the Barrens. It was on the last traverse in that direction that the silk tent occupied by Lahiskwee had been found.

"It belonged to the Millicent-Adbury expedition," Snass told Smoke.

"Oh, I remember. They went after musk-oxen. The reckless expedition never found a trace of them."

"I found them," Snass said. "But both were dead."

"The world still doesn't know. The word never got out."

"The word never gets out," Snass assured him pleasantly.

"You mean if they had been alive when you found them . . . ?"

Snass nodded. "They would have lived on with me and my people."

"Anton got out," Smoke challenged.

"I do not remember the name. How long ago?"

"Fourteen or fifteen years," Smoke answered.

"So he pulled through after all. Do you know, I've wondered about him. We called him Long Tooth. He was a strong man, a strong man."

"La Perle came through here ten years ago."

Snass shook his head.

"He found traces of your camps. It was summer time."

"That explains it," Snass answered. "We are hundreds of miles to the north in the summer."

But strive as he would, Smoke could get no clue to Snass's history in the days before he came to live in the northern wilds. Educated he was, yet in all the intervening years he had read no books, no newspapers. What had happened in the world he knew not. Nor did he show desire to know. He had heard of the miners on the Yukon, and of the Klondike strike. Gold-miners had never invaded his territory, for which he was glad. But the outside world to him did not exist. He tolerated no mention of it.

Nor could Lahiskwee help Smoke with earlier information. She had been born on the hunting grounds. Her mother had lived for six years after. Her mother had been very beautiful—the only white woman Lahiskwee had ever seen. She said this wistfully, and wistfully, in a thousand ways, she showed that she knew of the great outside world on which her father had closed the door. But this knowledge was secret. She had early learned that mention of it threw her father into a rage.

Anton had told a squaw of her mother, and that her mother had been a daughter of a high official in the Hudson Bay Company. Later, the squaw had told Lahiskwee. But her mother's name she had never learned.

As a source of information, Danny McCan was impossible. He did not like adventure. Wild life was a horror, and he had had nine years of it. Shaghaied in San Francisco, he had deserted the whaleship at Point Barrow with four companions. Two had died, and the third had abandoned him on the terrible traverse south. Two years he

had lived with the Eskimos before raising the courage to attempt the south traverse, and then, within several days of a Hudson Bay Company post, he had been gathered in by a party of Snass's young men. He was a small, stupid man, afflicted with sore eyes, and all he dreamed or could talk about was getting back to his beloved San Francisco and his blisful trade of bricklaying.

## V

"You're the first intelligent man we've had," Snass complimented Smoke one night by the fire. "Except old Four Eyes. The Indians named him so. He wore glasses and was short-sighted. He was a professor of zoology" (Smoke noted the correctness of the pronunciation of the word.) "He died a year ago. My young men picked him up strayed from an expedition on the upper Porcupine. He was intelligent, yes; but he was also a fool. That was his weakness—straying. He knew geology, though, and working in metals. Over on the Luskwia, where there's coal, we have several creditable hand-forges he made. He repaired our guns and taught the young men how. He died last year, and we really missed him. Strayed—that's how it happened—fence to death within a mile of camp."

It was on the same night that Snass said to Smoke:

"You'd better pick out a wife and have a fire of your own. You will be more comfortable than with those young bucks. The maidens' fires—a sort of feast of the virgins, you know—are not lighted until full summer and the salmon, but I can give orders earlier if you say the word."

Smoke hunched and shook his head. "Remember," Snass concluded quietly. "Anton is the only one that ever got away. He was lucky, unusually lucky."

Her father had a will of iron. Lahiskwee told Smoke.

"Four Eyes used to call him the Frozen Pint—whatever that means—the Tyant of the Frost, the Cave Bear, the Beast Primitive, the King of the

Caribou, the Bearded Pard, and lots of such things. Four Eyes loved words like those. He taught me most of my English. He was always making fun. You could never tell. He called me his chestah-chum after times when I was angry. What is chestah? He always teased me with it."

She chattered on with all the eager naïveté of a child, which Smoke found hard to reconcile with the full womanhood of her form and face.

Yes, her father was very firm. Everybody feared him. He was terrible when angry. There were the Porcupines. It was through them, and through the Laskwas, that Snass traded his skins at the posts and got his supplies of ammunition and tobacco. He was always fair, but the chief of the Porcupines began to cheat. And after Snass had warned him twice, he burned his log village, and over a dozen of the Porcupines were killed in the fight. But there was no more cheating. Once, when she was a little girl, there was one white man killed while trying to escape. No, her father did not do it, but he gave the order to the young men. No Indian ever disobeyed her father.

And the more Smoke learned from her, the more the mystery of Snass agreed.

"And tell me if it is true," the girl was saying, "that there was a man and a woman whose names were Paolo and Francesca and who greatly loved each other?"

Smoke nodded.

"Four Eyes told me all about it," she beamed happily. "And so he didn't make it up after all. You see, I wasn't sure. I asked father, but oh, he was angry. The Indians told me he gave poor Four Eyes an awful talking-to. Then there was Tristan and Iscult—two Iscults. It was very sad. But I should like to love that way. Do all the young men and women in the world do that? They don't here. They just get married. They don't seem to have time. I am English, and I will never marry an Indian—would you? That is why I have not lighted my maiden's fire.

Some of the young men are bothering father to make me do it. Litsah is one of them. He is a great hunter. And Mahkook comes around singing songs. He is funny. To-night, if you come by my tent after dark you will hear him singing out in the cold. But father says I can do as I please, and so I shall not light my fire. You see, when a girl makes up her mind to get married, that is the way she lets young men know. Four Eyes always said it was a fine custom. But I noticed he never took a wife. Maybe he was too old. He didn't have much hair, but I don't think he was really very old. And how do you know when you are in love—like Paolo and Francesca, I mean?"

Smoke was disconcerted by the clear gaze of her blue eyes.

"Why, they say," he stammered, "those who are in love say it, that love is dearer than life. When one finds out that he or she likes somebody better than everybody else in the world—why, then, they know they are in love. That's the way it goes, but it's awfully hard to explain. You just know it, that's all."

She looked off across the camp-smoke, sighed, and resumed work on the fur mitten she was sewing.

"Well," she announced with finality, "I shall never get married anyway."

## VI

"Once we hit out we'll sure have some tall runnin'," Shorty said dismissively.

"The place is a big trap," Smoke agreed.

From the crest of a bald knob they gazed out over Snass's snowy domain, east, west and south they were hemmed in by the high peaks and jumbled ranges. Northward, the rolling country seemed interminable; yet they knew, even in that direction, that half a dozen transverse chains blocked the way.

"At this time of the year I could give you three days' start," Snass told Smoke that evening. "You can't hide trail, you see. Anton got away when the snow was gone. My young men can travel as fast as the best white man; and



"I am glad you didn't try to run away," she said.



besides you would be breaking trail for them. And when the snow is off the ground, I'll see to it that you don't get the chance Anton had. It's a good life. And soon the world fades. I have never quite got over the surprise of finding how easy it is to get along without the world."

"What's eatin' me is Danny McCan," Shorty confided to Smoke. "He's a weak brother on any trail. But he swears he knows the way out to the westward an' so we got to put up with him, Smoke, or you sure get yours."

"We're all in the same boat," Smoke answered.

"Not on your life. It's a-comin' to you straight down the pike."

"What is it?"

"You ain't heard the news?" Smoke shook his head.

"The bachelors told me. They just got the word. To-night it comes off, though it's months ahead of the calendar."

"Smoke shrugged his shoulders.

"Ain't interested in hearin'?" Shorty teased.

"I'm waiting to hear."

"Well, Danny's wife just told the bachelors . . ." Shorty paused impressively. "An' the bachelors told me, of course, that the maidens' fires is due to be lighted to-night. That's all. Now how do you like it?"

"I don't get your drift, Shorty."

"Don't, eh? Why, it's plain open and shut. They's a skirt after you, an' that skirt is goin' to light a fire, an' that skirt's name is Labiskwee. Oh, I've been watchin' her watch you when you ain't lookin'. She ain't never lighted her fire. Said she wouldn't marry a Indian. An' now, when she lights her fire, it's a cinch it's my poor old friend Smoke."

"It sounds like a syllogism," Smoke said, with a sinking heart reviewing Labiskwee's actions of the past several days.

"Cin' is shorter to pronounce," Shorty returned. "An' that's always the way—just as we're workin' up our get-away, along comes a skirt to com-

plete everything. We ain't got no luck—hey! Listen to that, you, Smoke!"

Three ancient squaws had halted midway between the bachelors' camp and the camp of McCan, and the oldest was declaiming in shrill falsetto.

Smoke recognized the names, but not all the words, and Shorty translated with melancholy gloom.

"Labiskwee, the daughter of Snass, the Rain-Maker, the Great Chief, lights her first maiden's fire to-night. Maka, the daughter of Owits, the Wolf-Runner—"

The recital ran through the names of a dozen maidens, and then the three heralds tottered on their way to make announcement at the next fire.

The bachelors, who had sworn youthful oaths to speak to no maiden, were uninterested in the approaching ceremony, and to show their disdain they made preparations for immediate departure on a mission set them by Snass and upon which they had planned to start the following morning. Not satisfied with the old hunters' estimates of the caribou, Snass had decided that the run was split. The task set the bachelors was to scout to the north and west in quest of the second division of the great herd.

Smoke, troubled by Labiskwee's fire-lighting, announced that he would accompany the bachelors. But first he talked with Shorty and with McCan.

"You be there on the third day, Smoke," Shorty said. "We'll have the outfit an' the dogs."

"But remember," Smoke cautioned, "if there is any slip-up in meeting me, you keep on going and get out to the Yukon. That's flat. If you make it, you can come back for me in the summer. If I get the chance I'll make it and come back for you."

McCan, standing by his fire, indicated with his eyes a rugged mountain where the high western range out-jutted on the open country.

"That's the one," he said. "A small stream on the south side. We go up it. On the third day you meet us. We'll

pass by on the third day. Anywhere you tap that stream you'll meet us or our trail."

## VII

But the chance did not come to Smoke on the third day. The bachelors had changed the direction of their scout, and while Shorty and McCan plodded up the stream with their dogs, Smoke and the bachelors were sixty miles to the northeast picking up the trail of the second caribou herd. Several days later, through a dim twilight of falling snow, they came back to the big camp. A squaw ceased from wailing by a fire and darted up to Smoke. Harsh-tongued, with bitter, venomous eyes, she cursed him, waving her arms toward a silent, fur-wrapped form that still lay on the sled which had hauled it in.

What had happened, Smoke could only guess, and as he came to McCan's fire he was prepared for a second cursing. Instead, he saw McCan himself industriously chewing a strip of caribou meat.

"I'm not a fightin' man," he whimperingly explained. "But Shorty got away, though they're still after him. He put up a hell of a fight. They'll get him, too. He ain't got a chance. He plugged two bucks that'll get around all right. An' he croaked one square through the chest."

"Yes, I know," Smoke answered. "I just met the widow."

"Old Snass'll be wantin' to see you," McCan added. "Them's his orders. Soon as you come in you was to go to his fire. I ain't squealed. You don't know nothin'. Keep that in mind. Shorty went off on his own along with me."

At Snass's fire Smoke found Labiskwee. She met him with eyes that shone with such softness and tenderness as to frighten him.

"I'm glad you didn't try to run away," she said. "You see, I . . ." She hesitated, but her eyes did not drop. They swam with a light unmistakable. "I lighted my fire, and of course it was for you. It has happened. I like you

better than everybody else in the world. Better than my father. Better than a thousand Libashes and Mahkooks. I love. It is very strange. I love as Francesca loved, as Iscalt loved, Old Four Eyes spoke true. Indians do not love this way. But my eyes are blue and I am white. We are white, you and I."

Smoke had never been proposed to in his life, and he was unable to meet the situation. Worse, it was not even a proposal. His acceptance was taken for granted. So thoroughly was it all arranged in Labiskwee's mind, so warm was the light in her eyes, that he was amazed that she did not throw her arms around him and rest her head on his shoulder. Then he realized, despite her candor of love, that she did not know the pretty ways of love. Among the primitive savages such ways did not obtain. She had had no chance to learn.

"But Labiskwee, listen," he began. "Are you sure you learned from Four Eyes all the story of the love of Paolo and Francesca?"

She clasped her hands and laughed with an immense certitude of gladness.

"Oh! There is more! I know there must be more and more of love! I have thought much since I lighted my fire. I have—"

And then Snass strode in to the fire through the falling snowflakes, and Smoke's opportunity was lost.

"Good evening," Snass burred gruffly. "Your partner has made a mess of it. I am glad you had better sense."

"You might tell me what's happened," Smoke urged.

The flash of white teeth through the stained beard was no pleasant.

"Certainly I'll tell you. Your partner has killed one of my people. That smelly shrimp, McCan, deserted at the first shot. He'll never run away again. But my hunters have got your partner in the mountains, and they'll get him. He'll never make the Yukon basin. As for you, from now on you sleep at my fire. And there'll be no more scouting with the young men. I shall have my eye on you."

## The World's Greatest Evangelist

By C. D. Cliffe

Rev. John McNeill occupies the first place, not only in religious circles in Great Britain, but he is regarded as the leading orator of the period. There is a possibility of Mr. McNeill becoming a resident of Canada. The writer of this article is a member of the MacLean Magazine organisation, a Canadian, who spent some years on the London Press. No one knows Mr. McNeill, his power and peculiarities better.

FROM railway porter in Glasgow, Scotland, to pastor of Regent's Square (Presbyterian) Church, London, England, is a long step. To then, suddenly give up the notable pastorate, over a whim, doff all gowns of the "cloth," and rise to be one of the most famous undenominational evangelists, known in the four corners of the globe; such in tabloid form is the life of the Rev. John McNeill, orator, preacher and evangelist, now of Liverpool, England, and who recently received a call to the pulpit of Cooke's Church, Toronto, Canada.

It's about McNeill's originalities as an evangelist I wish to speak. For nearly two years I was closely associated with his preaching in the Old Country; and, therefore, speak from first hand experience.

As a travelling evangelist he was organized just like a large opera company, had his managers and his committee and his secretaries. He and his entourage always stayed at the best hotels and never suffered the common indignity of being billeted to private houses.

I was employed by a printing company which published a religious paper and incidentally printed tracts and booklets, mostly religious. Their head-

quarters were on Warwick Lane within a stone's throw of the great paternoster row, known to the world as the "Row."

"Follow McNeill" was my modest assignment. This meant that I had to hear all his sermons and that meant five a week and often two on Sunday as he never preached on Saturday night. Further, of course, it was my duty to seize upon some of his best thoughts and put them into shape such as a booklet or a tract and see how many rich ladies, maidens or otherwise, were anxious to spend some money on tracts. McNeill called it "getting square with the Creator." That, however, is another story.

Occasionally we printed verbatim sermons. They were all so good that it was difficult to sift the good or the best.

So to get the cream of his sermons we used to run miniatures of his originalities in columns. These would be selected from his masterly orations. One never knew when he would say something remarkable.

Surely his sermons were orations, unequalled in apt illustration, fine wit, keen, pungent paragraphs, gleaming with fervor and religious spirit, convincing and amazing. I shall never forget some of them.

There is no need then to follow the

great preacher to all the big cities of Great Britain, including Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, Cork, etc., where I went with him, as the man just repeated himself as he went along. In Glasgow he occupied the Tent Hall

early career. He was a poor boy, but received a reasonably good common education in the Highlands of Scotland. His mother he often refers to as having taught him the Bible and good habits. Probably one of his finest sermons is



Rev. John McNeill.

for over a month and filled it every night to overflowing.

In London alone he remained nearly four months without interruption, during which period I heard seventy-five per cent. of all his preaching.

Let us look briefly at the preacher's

his story of his life which in a word is told at the first sentence of this article only he works in his struggles for existence and always starts by saying:

"You didn't know I was a railway porter in Glasgow! True enough and I'm still saying 'Change cars.'"

He prefers to be called John McNeill without any Reverend or other title. He is a large man physically as well as mentally. He is dark of complexion, wears full shaggy beard—or did when I knew him—and his bushy black hair stands straight up on his well-shaped head something like Carlyle's but not so wiry. For this there's another reason. John has a habit in the most thrilling moments in his addresses of pulling his beard quickly and then pushing his five fingers most vigorously through his hair.

Then look out for fireworks. He generally grabs the banister of the pulpit or the railing, winds his powerful right arm about it almost in a wriggle and in a tremendous voice shouts, yes, actually shouts: "What do you say? With us or against us; in or out, up or down, are you going to dive off into the world again and risk your life with hell?"

As he said "dive" the effect was climactic as his voice would endence and he stood speechless in the attitude of a diver.

He never uses notes of any kind and what a marvellous memory he must have is best established by the fact that I have taken his sermons verbatim and have heard them again and again from twenty to fifty times, and I never knew him to change a word, a quotation or an illustration.

Naturally he would have to repeat these sermons after he had spoken all he had prepared, for who could keep up such originality otherwise?

I have heard him preach his sermon on the Cave of Adullam, picturing in graphic language Saul on his throne and David hiding, typifying men and affairs of the day, in Exeter Hall, London, on Wednesday night and on Friday night he had the nerve to repeat it at St. James Hall a few yards away (St. James Hall was in existence at the time to which I refer).

The London papers went after him hard on this repeating business and

gave him some what of a "roasting." They also told him he was too familiar with the Deity and made too much frivolity in his sermons.

To these onslaughts McNeill never replied more than to refer now and then to the fact that he and his Master knew each other better than did the London papers.

It was a wealthy Glasgow business man who put McNeill through Glasgow University. Always a fine, fluent speaker,

possessed with the best of common sense and at the same time that supreme intellectual appreciation of the Bible, it was not surprising that his first pastorate was the great Regent's Square of London, the most fashionable and wealthy of the metropolis. The congregation was not large but immensely wealthy and exclusive. Young McNeill's salary was a good one and his work easy. However, his prophetic restless spirit would not stand monotony. His message was for crowds he

always felt and his church was never full. One Sunday evening his wealthy deacons were thunderstruck to find McNeill, the porter-pastor, standing on the steps of the big church without a gown invoking the passersby to come in and hear the gospel.

The situation caused a climax and shortly after McNeill resigned. I will refer to one of his sermons later which I always felt dealt a body blow at the Regent's Square Church.

At the time of the World's Fair at Chicago all the up-town theatres were vacated as everything was moved to Jackson Park. The great Dwight Moody, the American evangelist, had been preaching in England and met McNeill. He induced him to join him and they rented the vacated theatres in Chicago and packed them to the galleys throughout the whole session of the fair. McNeill often referred to the power of the Lord being greater than all things for everybody told them they would lose on such a foolish venture. After this he and Moody went to Australia, where they made a great impression. It was in 1896, 1897 and 1898 that McNeill returned to England. He was asked to undertake a campaign on a basis of a guarantee which was given again by this great Glasgow man, since raised to the Peerage. That is whatever McNeill's committee were short to the amount of one thousand pounds for McNeill's salary he would make up or in other words he wished the great McNeill to preach the gospel regardless of creed, sect or denomination and this thousand pounds was guaranteed.

A strong committee was organized of prominent business men and they made London, modern Babylon, their first place of attack.

Spartan's famous tabernacle in Brixton was chosen as the first meeting place but McNeill afterwards went to Woking, filling the great Agricultural Hall there, also at Albert Hall, where fifteen thousand was a common audience, and then at all the leading halls and churches all over the big city.

McNeill never gave his sermons titles

but after hearing them one could not fail to name them. He simply preached from the Bible and would use two or three stanzas of Scriptures which he used as constructive guides to the continuity of his flow of thought.

On Sundays in London it was a big favor to have him speak at some of the fashionable west side churches such as Marlborough Square, St. John's Wood, presided over by Rev. Dr. Gibson, a former Canadian, in this time; or the famous church of Dr. Hanson at Marylebone. The very announcement of his being at a church meant an overflow congregation that day.

He often worried these pastors who were holding together a more or less dissipated high society church because McNeill never condoned any society facts but went after them hot foot, frequently stepping on the toes of some of the wealthiest adherents.

I remember once at Marlborough Square one Sunday morning. The church was filled with fashion and wealth. Just imagine it was common to see the collection posted of sixty to seventy pounds—just collection plate money not contribution money.

Well! McNeill was in fine fettle. He had chosen his sermon on the House at Capernaum. He was a great actor, virile and hypnotic and you can fancy him describing the bringing of the sick man through the roof of this house. He graphically pictured the lifting of the man to the roof and held the audience breathless as he held his arms upwards to reach the imaginary cot of the sick man. Then he would say: "The splinters are falling, down he comes, down, down to the Christ waiting to heal."

Then he would say one man had "spit upon his hands to get a good hold." "What's that?" he would say turning to the audience. "Some of you think 'spit on his hands' not a very nice expression. Well, it's a good thing for a lot of you people here that your old ancestors were not afraid to spit on their hands." This would cause a ripple of laughter and at them he would go, say-



An intimate view of Rev. John McNeill.

ing: "Yes, some wouldn't laugh for fear you'd crack your face but you will go home and drink whiskey. I know you."

Talking of miracles he would say: "If Bartimeus were to get his poor blind eyes made to see to-day by having mud put upon his eyes, what would happen? Why there would be two sects started right away—the Muddites and the Anti-Muddites." Then, of course, another laugh. Then perhaps he would criticise them for laughing again, generally ending up by quoting some familiar hymn such as

"Must I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize  
and sailed through bloody seas."

"Never a carry, my friends; you'll have to work your passage, every one of you."

"Peace be to Thee, oh Son of Jesus; peace be to thy helpers. Amen and amen."

It's a great compliment to him as a speaker that one never tired of his talk. No matter how often I heard his sermons they were always fresh and interesting to me. Sometimes he would speak three hours without a break and he would say: "Shall I go on?" Crowds would say "Yes." When he saw the time he would generally bring the meeting to a close. As soon as the meeting was over McNeill vanished like a shot. He needed rest and privacy to do that work every night and no social life for him. His cosy quarters were waiting for him at his hotel and there he went promptly.

He recently took up a moribund church in Liverpool, England, and is said to have emptied most of those surrounding it. It was always an entertainment to hear McNeill. He never made his meetings a spiritual debauch such as some modern Christian clowns do who use the tricks and methods of the auctioneer, the blandishments of the bookmaker and the sleek, smooth ways of the professional speaker.

Chapman and Billy Sunday, Bieder-

wol & Co., are a different tribe. They are theological roughriders, who stampede the herd and set it ambling.

However, McNeill talked about lost souls just as freely as he would about collar buttons lost under a bureau, just as if God ever misplaced anything or that all souls did not belong to God and hence were forever in His keeping. McNeill's chief doctrine was kindness. He did not have a penitent bench nor did he act as if he had an agency for everlasting life. He seemed always interested in having a soul worth saving as much as in saving a soul that isn't.

His sermons were piquant with incessant contrasts, flaming with hypnotic power of persuasion and always in good humor.

When he would throw his arms aloft and say: "I'm no thin-blooded Unitarian; I believe in God the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost," no one within the sound of his voice could doubt his sincerity.

He had no mournful music, monotonous voice of woe, tearful appeals to God, dreary groans, pious ejaculations or any such terrifying methods. Hundreds went just to be amused. It was as good as a theatre but always beneficial. He had no paid singers.

In these great crowded halls the audience would wait anxiously for his arrival. When he entered the pulpit, his presence seemed to be felt everywhere and silence reigned unless someone started in applause which he allowed at times. Before the obsequious committeeman had time to offer him a hymn book he would have a thin, paper-covered one off a chair at once and took the crowd by storm by his simplicity, saying often: "Let's sing 'Just as I am without one plea,' in the Master's name."

"Hush," he would say suddenly, "let us pray first and with the audience standing he would utter a marvellously compelling invocation almost memorized in its aptness to the occasion. He would then plunge right into his subject, the Bible, as I said, his only manuscript.

He had no pealing of the organ; entreaty, condemnation, misery, tears,

threats, promises of joy, happiness, heaven, eternal bliss, decide now, hurry up, whoop-ee, etc., of the fakir.

He was just McNeill, was just plain John and he was the whole show, unique, striking and always full of common sense.

His most terrible declaration, for so it seemed to me, was at the same time impressive and inspiring, when he would say: "This is God's house. God is here." Then with loud, ringing, resonant voice nicely ranged he would

"Thomas said, 'I don't believe a word of it. Not a word. That's too thin to wash. That bosh about the nails in the cross and the sword in the side of the Christ,' and so on."

In Scotland McNeill always added "I believe Thomas was Scotch; he was so like our hard-headed brethren of to-day."

"Why in the name of all that is holy was Thomas at home and not with the other apostles? If he were with the twelve he would never have had any



Regent's Square Presbyterian Church, London, where Rev. John McNeill won fame as a great preacher.

reach a climax, holding his Oxford binding Bible in his right hand aloft he would continue: "Yes, and if this is not God's house; if God is not here, and if the gospel is not God's word," throwing his Bible flat on the pulpit, "I'll never speak again."

This effect was most striking in his sermon on "Doubling Thomas." The great preacher would strut up and down the pulpit, hands behind his back in imitation of thoughtful doubting Thomas. "Thomas had been reading advanced literature. Just like you," he would say, turning to the audience, "reading Huxley and Spencer."

doubts. He wouldn't have had time. Neither will you have time," he would continue.

"You intellectual folks to-day who are reading fine books say that the Bible will not stand the searchlight of science and so on. Come to church. Believe in your pastor and your home; clap your hands for joy of living and you don't know you might become the apostle Paul. Sit at home and doubt and the Bible will shame you out of it."

In addition to his wonderful preaching, he had a card system which included post cards distributed at the door to everyone and also others in the seats.

Those in doubt or trouble about their souls or themselves in any way whatever were asked to communicate with the address on the card. All these claims received his personal attention privately.

I heard him use his Ruth and Naomi sermon on a fashionable London audience one Sunday. It was most enjoyable. Since then I have woven this theme into a story and sold it. The story's title tells the sermon "A social kiss." This shows what McNeill meant. For instance, in introducing Ruth to his hearers he would paint a delightful picture of a lovely woman typifying the Christian who in metaphor came to the church. Naomi, kissed and said: "Whither thou goest I will go; Thy home shall be my home, etc." as in days of old.

"Ah, ha!" McNeill would say. "You'll say 'How beautiful; just like me.' That's just lovely, Mr. McNeill." "Listen. It doesn't at all. I'll tell you what suits you. Ruth had a sister named Orpah and see what she did. She was with Ruth. I am sure you never heard of Orpah. Only Bible students have.

"Well, Orpah was like a lot of lukewarm professing churchgoers of to-day. She just strutted up to Naomi and said, 'I'll kiss you all right, but that is all; positively all. You dressed up old bigot, ready for heaven. You think you've got the only religion in the world. I'm going back to the Moabites false as you say they are. Good bye.

"You see Orpah typifies most of you in this church to-day. You're willing to come here, look nice and give the Orpah kiss to the church and that ends it. You are not Ruths. Are you?"

"Orpah was never heard of again in Biblical history and what became of Ruth? She married a Judean farmer; their children begat Jesse who begat David and so on down to Christ."

This sermon would be talked about for weeks all over.

Whenever McNeill was questioned about his free and easy methods he would answer differently but frequently

would say: "Our ideas of God changed and accordingly we have changed for the better. God is not a grrouch; God is love."

I remember once he was induced by Mr. Robertson, secretary of the Caledonia Christian Club, Bedford Square, London, to speak at the annual meeting. There were many other prominent speakers, including the editor of the *British Weekly*.

McNeill said briefly: "I'm glad to see this club flourishing. Glad to see the name Caledonia linked with Christian. Man is a clubbable animal but Christian clubs are the best for him. I would like to see clubs like this dotted all over London. It's not the first week or the first month or the first year that leads the young Scot astray in London. It's the first night. He's heard of a Piousdilly Hell at midnight and the moth flutters around the candle. His friends meet him at the depot and off they go; get inflamed by liquor and the game is started. Let some members of this club meet him at the station, bring him to these cosy rooms and you've got him for once and for aye." He quoted in conclusion:

"From the dim shieling of the misty island  
Though hills divide us and a world  
of seas,  
Still our hearts are true, our hearts are  
highland  
And we, in dreams, behold the He-  
brides."

I've heard him speak in parks, on trains, in lobbies, on church steps and almost anywhere, and it mattered not he was the same resourceful, inspired McNeill whose hearers were always glad and always received a benefit.

One could fill volumes with his stuff which is so readable and easy to remember. I shall refer briefly to some of his sermons. I remember one of his most impressive sermons taken from Revelations where the message to the Laodiceans came, referring to this church being "neither hot nor cold; lukewarm so I'll spew you out of my mouth."

Hardly would the preacher be fairly started before he would bring everyone to attention by remarking: "What's that! 'Spew, did you say, Mr. McNeill? That's not a very nice word to use in this fine church." He would instantly seize the Bible face outwards and slapping it gingerly on the face, say: "But McNeill didn't say it; God said it. There you are. Don't be ashamed of the Bible. Be careful it doesn't shame you."

The sermon which I thought, with everyone who knew him well, referred to Regent's Square was sort of an affectionate rebuke to his old elders. It was based on the text, "Behold I stand at the door and knock."

He pictured most accurately wealthy deacons at the annual meeting of the church. A beautiful church, a well-paid parson; a fat treasury, rolling in money. The secretary was reading the reports. Excellent, excellent. Suddenly there came a knock at the door.

Here he would rap three or four times hard on the pulpit's wood. A hush goes over the meeting.

McNeill's audience is breathless as he held them by rapping again and repeating the text. Then with modulated voice and in almost a ghostly whisper he would lean away over the pulpit, saying "It's Christ. He's outside. He's not at the meeting." Think of it! Think of it!

Then he would quote the text again and fly right to the idea of the human heart, typifying the heart as the church and so on, asking if they were going to open the door of their hearts to-night and so on.

Occasionally Mr. McNeill would surprise his critics and especially the "highbrows" who thought him light and all that.

He is credited with having said (I never heard of it): "No sane person can afford to throw the reins of reason on the neck of emotion and ride a Tam O'Shanter race to Bedlam." It sounds like him.

This would seem a rebuke to foolish-

ness regarding religious revivals and was said in answer to critics.

He has often said: "Great sinners are often very religious." So you see he knew human nature.

A beautiful intellectual sermon which I heard in the City Temple, London, was McNeill at his very best. Everyone who knows London at all knows how exclusively intellectual the late Dr. Parker and his successor, Dr. Campbell, have made this church and congregation. Only the choicest is expected there and as proof there are never seats enough, with aisles filled, to go round.

So when the brawny Scot from Glasgow railways was announced to preach at City Temple some "Ah's" and "Oh's" were heard referring to McNeill being out of his element there. Not so, for he captivated his hearers and even the London press acknowledged that McNeill's place was in a big crowd no matter how intellectual.

He stepped into that great pulpit and picked up a lily standing on the pulpit. Of course he had ordered it there. Then he prayed, holding the lily in one hand. The effect was electrical. Everyone wondered what was coming and well they might.

He quoted from Job, "Oh liberty," etc., dealing with the free will of man, still holding the lily.

"Look at that flower in its freedom and beauty. I want it to speak for me this morning. I've botanized it. I discovered the inversion of the petals and the sepals, the calyx and the corolla. I know the stamens and the process of fertilization and that is no mean work of the spinner of worlds. Very well. I measured the flower, its length and its breadth and I had a faint idea that I knew something about it. Then I tried to fathom its fragrance and I had to quit. That surpassed me. I ask you, clever man or woman here to-day in this fine church, can you measure its fragrance? Can you tell me about it? Oh liberty indeed! Oh man! with his free will can you tell us God's mysteries in the simplest life. No."

Continuing he said: "I met a man. I measured him. He was a fine big fellow, well built and well fed, etc.; he was so broad in the shoulder, so tall, etc., and I thought I had him measured up but when I thought of his influence in life, I felt I could not measure that any more than I could measure the fragrance of the flower. So he went on with a marvellous study, quoting authors like Fenelon and Rensu to support his argument, which resolved itself into 'Not my will but Thine be done as he put it whether in the Val-halls of the Norseman; the Nirvana of the Hindu or the Heaven of the Christian.'"

Just one more highbrow and it is a story worthy of a book by itself. It was the story of Abraham slaying his son Isaac or at least in the position ready to slay. Isaac he said represented man's

intelligence, his reason which God asks man, typified by Abraham, to sacrifice. The moment you are willing to sacrifice the Almighty stays your hand and all the good and beauty and poetry of existence is offered unto you. So he would say: "You heavy thinkers must be willing to accept this story, this Bible as the word, unabridged, untouched, unquibbled as it is; call it the nostalgia of the soul, call it whatever in the world you like if you take it it will lead you where the tyranny of things hated shall not prevail, nor that for which the heart yearns turn to ashes at our touch."

So his marvellous stories would make a book.

Mr. McNeill married the daughter of the manager of the Charing Cross Bank, London, and hence is not in great need of money. His preaching then is all for the "joy of the working."

## THE ATTITUDE WITH WHICH YOU APPROACH YOUR TASK

THE man conscious of that power which makes him master of the situation, has his task half performed by the manner in which he approaches it. He who walks up boldly and faces his difficulty without wincing does not have so hard a time in overcoming it as the man who goes to it timidly, wavering between fears and doubts. It makes all the difference in the world whether one approaches his task with the air of a conqueror, with firmness and decision in his face, with clenched fists and grit that knows no defeat, or whether he goes with the expectation of not being equal to the undertaking.

It is not enough to be willing to do hard work, not enough to be honest and reliable; there must be iron in the blood, courage which dares.

We know men who start out on a new proposition with the idea that if it is not too difficult, if they do not meet insurmountable obstacles, they will go through with it.

The determined soul does not recognize insurmountable difficulties. He knows that if one thing will not do, another will. He sees the end, and makes for his goal.

There is nothing like a vigorous initiative which is not afraid to undertake things no matter how difficult.

The young man who sees the obstacles ahead of him stand out more clearly than anything else is not the man to undertake great things. The man who does things is the man who sees the end and defies the obstacles.—DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

## A Reciprocity Prophecy of 1875

By The Editor

If thirty-five years ago some prophet had risen up in Canada and told the people of that day that reciprocity, after its rejection by the United States Senate, would come up again and that next time it would be Canada's turn to reject it—that new visions of national greatness would have formed before Canadians! And yet there was such a prophet. His prophecy regarding reciprocity and its fulfilment are reviewed in this article. Reciprocity, indeed, did come up again, in so uncertain a manner the people of this country rejected it, and the dominant political leaders in the United States upheld them in their course.

WE reproduce here a remarkably prophetic article on a question that has been with us for nearly fifty years and seems likely to go on for another half century. The writer, Mr. W. Dewar, who had been a schoolmaster and merchant at Fenelon Falls, Ontario, divided with the father of W. F. Maclean, M.P., the honor of inspiring the National Policy. He is still alive and resides in New York. His writings are shortly to be published in book form. His brother was better known, having for many years been editor of the *Christian Guardian*, the organ of Canadian Methodism.

The bye-election in Macdonald resulted in a decisive defeat for reciprocity, and once more we hear that the policy has made its last appearance on the political platform. Even its eastern advocates are discouraged. Unfortunately for national peace and progress it is still so well regarded by many in the western provinces that with the navy question in Quebec the Government has two very serious questions to deal with. If Mr. Borden can get his views clearly before the country he will carry the majority vote with him on the navy and the agitation will disappear

from the political horizon. But reciprocity is too old a question to be so quickly settled. We have had it with us for nearly half a century.

In the Canadian Illustrated News published March 6, 1875, there appeared an article from Mr. Dewar on the subject which will be read with much interest at this time. In the course of his article on the political situation in 1875 he says:

### A PROPHECY OF 1875—

Reciprocity being rejected by the United States Senate, it may be thought by some that further discussion on the subject is unnecessary. Reciprocity is not, however, a dead issue. The question is sure to come up again. It may be our turn to reject it the next time, and public opinion requires to be ready for the event. Free Trade policy is to let the question alone at present; Protectionists' policy is to keep it agitated. If carried at all, reciprocity must be introduced and passed in haste. There is no doubt, therefore, that the Free Trade party will remain quiet for a while, eagerly watching opportunities for future negotiations. There is a policy of surprise. Mr. Brown's mission to Wash-

ington was a surprise to the public. His party had always maintained that Canada should not be the first to open negotiations on the subject.

However, following the example of the Liberals in England, whose example they seem anxious to follow in all things, they embraced the first chance of attempting to pass a free-trade treaty by surprise. Even where Acts are good in themselves, this principle of surprise is wrong. Politics should be public and deliberate. Acts affecting the public should be done openly and after full deliberation. The storming parties have been repulsed, but the siege has not been yet raised. The Free Traders will renew their assaults and surprises at no distant day. Protectionists, now is your time for sorties. Put the besiegers to flight. While they are unable to attack you is the time to attack them. In every age there is a liberal hobby. Free trade is hobby now. The leaders are a kind of enthusiasts. They have unbounded faith in their theories. They need no one to proclaim them infallible. They proclaim their own infallibility. They are men of few ideas. These ideas being once attained, they have to "step down and out," as Mr. Beecher would say. See Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone, for example. As soon as they ceased to raise "burning questions," they lost their influence over the masses. Does it pay a nation to be actuated by "burning questions" all the time, in order that certain men may rule? The effect is obvious. The nation has little confidence in such men after all. Though it allows them to storm the works, it does not give them the fort when won. They are accounted active, but not steady.

Hence, whatever credit they derive for enlarging human liberty, the preservation of liberty is entrusted to others. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, in touching on this subject, surpasses us with the best definition I have heard: "Parties of sensation and politics of surprise." Radicalism is its own worst enemy. We have hardly any Reform Government, properly called. We have Radical Gov-

ernments much oftener. These hold office just as long as they can stir up "burning questions" to divert public attention from other defects.

It is curious how some journals, once delighted with the prospect of reciprocity, have changed their tune. It cannot be on account of the terms. The terms were the same at first as last. But the contempt of the American Senate, after such humiliating concessions by this country, has "raised their dander," and made them quite national. After leading the Canadian Free Trade party into so bad a trap, it seems ungrateful of the Senate to desert it at the last moment. The terms were almost as good as annexation. After this, it is doubtful if the Americans would admit us into the Union without a bonus. Says one journal: "Nothing now remains to us but to shape our own policy in our own way. Since it cannot be, in any degree, North American, it must be distinctively Canadian." This was the proper course from the first. "We cannot shift the wind," the opinions or prejudices of foreign governments, or people; but we can "shift the sail," "shape our own policy in our own way."

The "almighty dollar" is said to govern the States, but something more than dollars entered into their calculations in this case. Canada offered to become annexed in almost everything except the name; but, understanding their dignity, they agreed among themselves to forego these advantages, and thus treat Canada with contempt.

The time has not yet arrived to get good terms from the States. It may not arrive for a generation. It will be brought about by events over which we have no control. One of these events may occur at any time. Should a civil war again arise: should the South or West secede, then our friendship, our neutrality, and our trade will be appreciated. The Eastern and Northern States are threatened both by the South and West. Should splits of this kind occur, our intercourse with the Eastern States may become intimate and profit-

able. As the Union stands at present there is little chance of either an honorable or profitable treaty. If we ever get reciprocity on a fair basis, in my opinion, it will be with the Eastern and Northwestern States as a separate nation. These States and Canada have many interests in common. They are bound together by the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence. They are interested in each other as neighbors. But the other sections, namely, the South and far West, while filled with all the prejudices of foreigners, have no neighborly sympathies for us at all. What sympathy have we for Mexico? Texas or California cannot have more for us. Besides, there is a great contest commencing between civilization and barbarism. The heathen Chinese will complete the degradation begun by universal suffrage and the enfranchisement of the negroes. Not all the religious, intellectual and moral agencies in the Union can civilize the huge stream of Chinese immigration pouring into the country. The Goths did not give Italy more trouble than the Chinese may give the States. Immigration is overdue. Too much attention is paid to the quantity and too little to the quality. There is too much undesirable immigration. They invite the refuse of all countries, thinking to make themselves formidable among nations. That refuse has become formidable to themselves.

W. DEWART.

#### Fendon Falls.

NOTE.—Since writing the foregoing letters, especially those in 1874, I have come to the conclusion that free trade does not suit even in England.

#### —AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

Read in the light of the present day this is a remarkably prophetic declaration, particularly that part which asserts that "Reciprocity is not a dead issue. The question is sure to come up again. It may be our turn to reject it the next time, and public opinion requires to be ready for the event." Thirty-five years after this letter had been written reciprocity did "come up again" and true

to the prophecy it was "our turn to reject it."

But not only has the prophecy of 1875 been fulfilled; the judgment of 1911 has been upheld. And by no less authority than the dominant political leaders of the United States.

When a little more than a year ago Canadians so decisively rejected the past they may have acted more wisely than they knew. Certain it is, at any rate, that few of them, either those who advocated or those who opposed the agreement, imagined that within a year of their decision they would be the recipients of compliments from American presidential candidates on the wisdom of their course.

If prior to the elections of September, 1911, in which the Laurier government was swept from office, Canadians had known that President Taft regarded the Canadian arguments against reciprocity as "good ones" and that Governor Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic candidate-to-be, considered them so strong as to retire him from defeating them—what might Canadians have done more than they actually did do?

Be that as it may, the fact remains that Canadians of both political parties who fought reciprocity in the belief that it was an ill-advised policy for Canada, have been to a certain extent confirmed in their judgment by the remarkably frank admissions of President Taft and Governor Wilson during the past few months.

The admission on the part of the President came first in the shape of the publication of a letter to Colonel Roosevelt, written during the Canadian electoral campaign, in which he stated that the trade arrangement would make Canada only an adjunct of the United States, and continuing, explained: "It would transfer all their important business to Chicago and New York, with their bank credits and everything else, and it would increase greatly the demand of Canada for our manufactures. I see this is an argument against reciprocity made in Canada, and I think it is a good one."

Scarcely less frank was the admission of Governor Wilson in a campaign speech in New Haven, Connecticut, during his recent tour, when, in clearly acknowledging that the measure would have been injurious to Canada, he made use of the following words: "I was very much interested in some of the reasons given by our friends across the Canadian border for being very shy about these reciprocity arrangements. They said, 'We were not sure where these arrangements will lead, and we don't care to associate too closely with the economic conditions of the United States until those conditions are as modern as ours.' When I repeated this and asked for particulars I had to retire

from the debate, because I found that they had adjusted their economic development to conditions which we had not yet found a way to meet, in the United States."

When Canadians, no matter what was their stand on reciprocity in 1911, read these acknowledgments, they will be disposed to question the wisdom of reopening the issue in the immediate future in the hope of deriving benefits from more intimate trade relations with the United States, so long at least as dominant American leaders themselves declare that so far as Canada is concerned no such benefits would be likely to accrue.

## HOPE AND ACHIEVEMENT

THE attitude with which we approach our work, whether with hope and courage, or despair, has everything to do with our success. If the health drops, the mind drops, and then the quality of the work drops, too. There is a loss of enthusiasm, of zest, of buoyancy, which sets disastrously on achievement.

The hope must be bright, the future promising, or we cannot do our very best work. There will be a dropping off somewhere if hope does not lead the way. Expectancy is a powerful tonic. We can suffer to-day if we know we shall have relief to-morrow. We can go hungry to-day if we know we are going to have plenty to-morrow. We can live without comforts to-day and still do our level best if we know we are going to have something better to-morrow. Expectancy is a powerful leader, a powerful achievement antecedent.

Give a man a bright hope, fine prospects for to-morrow, and he can endure anything to-day, suffer any privation and still work with a zest; but once take his hope away and his confidence is gone, his spontaneity and enthusiasm are lost; and when these are absent nothing will take the sense of drudgery out of the task. To work without hope, without prospects, with only despair staring one in the face, to plod on when the motive is gone, with nothing but a sense of duty to sustain the worker, is one of the great tragedies of human life.

Only keep the hope bright, and no hardships, no difficulties, no opposition, no criticism can discourage the brave heart.

We work under the stimulus of a powerful motive. The tonic of expectancy buoy us up and urges us on, so that we do not feel the hurra, the failures, the losses of to-day. Somehow hope takes the edge off sorrow and robs disappointment of its worst sting.—DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

## The Woman at the Door

By Nicholas Beffel

This is essentially a Christmas story—dealing with modern conditions amid all the gaiety and extravagance of metropolitan club life—and yet it is given a turn which is entirely novel and wholly unexpected. That is what makes a good story—the portrayal of life in its true settings, but its unusual relationships. But read it and judge for yourself.

MY INTEREST in finding a "good fellow" was neither scientific nor literary. It was personal. I had been called one. Long ago it was my ambition to be called one. I made good—so far as getting the title. Inside, I knew I wasn't guilty. There were two or three others on the inside.

So when another was spoken of as a "good fellow," I would turn to look him over with the critical eye of one who has passed up through that department. Moreover, it would occur to me to wonder if he were a counterfeit or just the common fool-variety.

In fact, I was sceptical as to the real fabric. There was a time when I believed in such a thing as a "typical" New Yorker, a "typical" club-woman and commuter—but that is past. Man is so much his momentary idea of himself that you can't nail him to a dimension. He won't stay typed nor bought.

The Christmas-tide in which these things were more or less uppermost in mind was rather a lonely and miserable affair for me. One pays with such periods for early aspiration to good fellowship. This is no wall at all; it is merely set down to show that I was in a proper frame of mind to meet Jim Flowers. He was a trifle older than I—and good to look at. He told a story in a way to bring out unique angles of

humor, betraying a finer than common appreciation of the human comedy. He could give advice and disdain to take it for his own. He could drink without letting it stir up ooze and mire. He had hopes of his own, but he didn't rope and stake you to them. He could listen to yours—a little. He had read a bit, and travelled into some places off the beaten track. . . . The point is, I had a real evening—that first with Jim Flowers, and not too many cornucopias of Pilsener, either. It made me feel that there was something worth while in Being Here, after all. . . . And I liked Jim's hand, as we parted.

All the next day I thought it over—the little touches of the night before. This isn't fair to any man, for such thinking makes you expect too much, but it helped to pass the day. It was the Twenty-fourth—and many things I wanted to do were not being done that year. New York isn't Christmas atmosphere. Sometimes it's hard to believe that she's heard of it here.

The main issue of the hour was Jim Flowers. After I had ceased to look, the "good fellow" in real flesh and blood had come. I could no longer gratify myself with the thought that the alleged others were, even as I, brass under a brighter wash. . . . Jim Flowers seemed to stick. He was natural, full-



breath-and-length a good fellow. The white-sproned factotum had murmured the fact in other words when Jim was out of hearing in a telephone-booth. Friends had come in and out, saying, "Hello, Jim," with lingering affection. He was wise and kind, and, though he seemed to have money, was congenially, congenitally poor, as really sweet natures must always be. . . . And so I looked forward to meeting Jim again that night at Richter's.

This was a little Sixth Avenue back-room with an ideal or two remaining. Heaven knows New York back-rooms are desolate enough of such, to make it worth mentioning. It would have been called a "tap-house" in Stoke-under-Ham—and other names in Seneca, Illinois. It was cozy and polished, aged, or rather weathered. The decrepit, scar-faced Mesopotamian who kept it could make anything—even a cup of coffee—and he had the courtesy of an angel. The virtue of his factotum—and there was but one—was service and unobtrusiveness. Artists gave the place distinction and a precarious credit.

I reached Richter's a little before Jim on the Eve. He was "Jim" in my thoughts—though I had met him only the once. I inquired of the man. . . . "No, Mr. Flowers hasn't been in yet—but he will," he said. An habitué at my right, nicely mellowed with holiday spirit, volunteered (to the irritation of the dispenser): "Jim Flowers? . . . Biggest-hearted chap this side of Tioga, North Dakota—"

This wasn't a bit like New York, but I liked Richter's just because it wasn't—and so I didn't freeze up in the presence of the stranger, though I may have been a trifle.

"There never was a bellerin' little news-kid stuck with an armful of extra—that fell under Jim Flowers' eye without getting a tidy piece of change; nor he never made a 'bo recipe his life-story and pedigree before lettin' go the price of a meal—"

"Sh!" warned the factotum, and then I had Jim's hand again.

"You and I will sit down for a chat?

. . . Like last night? . . . Good! . . . Only, there's a little formality first." Jim leaned across the wainut and whispered respectfully, "This is Tom-and-Jerry night—and I can't let that go by. . . . Just mix them up for the gentlemen present with Richter's Dominica rum—and then come to me—"

Jim now included me with his eyes, and added to the man—"at our little table!"

The mild, decent, warming manner of him restored and sanctioned all my mental ventures during the day. I must have been very lonely, for the traffic was blocked in my throat for a second. . . . Poor young mavericks loose in New York—how little comes to them of the real bread of life!

It was a bitter cold night. Gusts of hard, dry snow stormed up and down the ringing pavement. The crush of the "L" was momentary, like a sharper growl of the gale. The purple veins of the customers were upstanding—the short breath and the teary eye—and all that goes with back-rooms. . . . Jim Flowers was telling an appealing story:

" . . . just such a night as this. We had all gathered in Mike Garrity's place. That mountain-town was a sort of runway for high winds—way up in the Cascade lead-mines. I 'member there was a couple of tables of seven-up. Garrity didn't have anything in but Irish whiskey, which, as you know, is all right for a sprint—but a punisher on a four-mile course—like a long winter evening. Suddenly the man opposite jerked up, and asked the crowd if they heard it? We hadn't, and presently went on playing. Then it came to me—a long wailing cry. I couldn't see the cards for a minute. It caught me here—"

Jim Flowers stopped, facing the side door. I followed his eyes. A little woman was standing there—just as you would have made her up, if you were potting on a show and wanted to harrow to tears. She had the show and pallor—that angular look about the shoulders which is so terrible with a young face. And there was no drink



WEATHERS ON BROADHEAD

"He led her graciously to the door."

nor drug on her face! The icy wind would have lined up any havoc like that. Just pitifulness. I remember thinking that here was probably a professional beggar, but she was good enough to get me. New York makes one sceptical, but, any way, I had my hand on a silver dollar—as she came forward to where we sat—in a queer, hesitating way, as if she didn't like to disturb our talk.

"Gentlemen—" she began in a low, tired voice.

I was taking my hand from my pocket when Jim Flowers caught my arm. His face and gesture said, "I'll really be hurt, old man, if you don't leave this whole thing to me."

He led her graciously to the door. I didn't turn, but only a moment passed before the door opened to let the woman go.

I didn't feel like saying anything for a minute when Jim came back, looking a little ashamed for having been caught in his charity. . . . I didn't hear the rest of his story. I was thinking about the little woman—you could almost see through her; and thinking about Jim Flowers. He had made me desperately

ashamed for believing all men counter-felt good fellows like myself. I was happy and sad, and felt sticky from cream and sugar and nutmeg.

"I'm going home, Jim," I said presently. "It's been a dandy night—and if there isn't anything on—you'd better have dinner with me to-morrow—a sort of 'Christmas in India.' . . . We can go somewhere and talk about people and things—"

Jim thought it might be managed. He looked grateful. He said he had heard somewhere that a friend is a present a man gives himself. He would see me, any way, he declared, holding out his hand.

Christmas was gray and cheerless—a boarding-house, sleeping-late sort of nightmare to remember. I hurried forth to escape, and was at Richter's before Jim came. The old man was behind. He had seen the woman in the shawl the night before. . . . I brought up the subject—musing on the pathetic figure.

"Ach," said Richter, "dot vas his wife. She has been here before. Dot's de only way she seem to get money out of Jim."

## LOST IN HIS CALLING

BE NOT a great stenographer, or great bookkeeper, professor, merchant, farmer or doctor, merely, but a great man,—every inch a king. The man who is drowned in his vocation, lost in his calling, is of very little use in any community. No man can be truly great until he outgrows the vocation which gives him bread and butter. No man is really rich until he has learned to do without money, or to be greater than his check book.

It is a contemptible estimate of a vocation to regard it as the means of getting a living. The man who is not greater than his calling, who does not overtop his vocation, so that it runs over on all sides, is not successful. A man should be greater than his books he writes, greater than any speech he makes, than any house he builds, or any sermon he preaches.

A European traveler tells of the following epitaph which he read on a tombstone in England: "Here lies —; he was born a man, but died a greaser." The man had disappeared in his calling. We often find that a man's vocation has swallowed him; that it has completely overwhelmed him, that there is nothing left of him for any purpose outside his occupation.—Dr. ORMOND SWETT MARDEN.

## Self Respect and Getting On

By Dr. O. S. Marden

The importance of self respect is emphasized in this article as an element of character and as an aid to success in life. Self-confidence is based upon character, upon the right, and self-confidence rests upon self respect; and self respect is the power behind every great life. These does Dr. Marden reveal it in its true proportions and demonstrate its real significance in the shaping of successful careers.

A devout Scotchman declared:

"For twenty years I have been praying the Lord to give me a rude opinion of myself."

HOW few people appreciate what real self respect means; that it is an integral part of man, and that when it is gone, the man is gone. If children were trained to know and to appreciate what self respect really means, character would be revolutionized.

One reason why most of us amount to so little in life, why we never reach our possibilities, is because we start out with a contemptible estimate of ourselves. We were perhaps cautioned as boys and girls of the terrible dangers of talking about ourselves, and thinking too highly of ourselves. The real trouble with us is we do not respect ourselves half enough.

Many people form the habit of discounting themselves. They think it is modest to be always self-deprecatory. Their chief occupation seems to be that of learning how to efface themselves, to keep out of sight, to keep away from people, to avoid any possible notoriety. They seem to be shocked when they happen to do anything which calls attention to themselves.

I know a man who always tries to avoid everybody by sneaking around

corners, going in at the back door, taking a back seat in the church or public hall. He rarely ever walks straight up to you and looks you in the face. He never seems to have much of an opinion of himself anyway. He is always apologizing for being in your way, for annoying you or molesting you when he calls at your office.

He has practiced this habit of self-effacement, self-deprecation, so long, that it is almost impossible for him to appear like a real man. He seems to think that somehow he has not had so good a chance in the world as most people, and that he must take a back seat. If he would only think a little more of himself, if he would cultivate self-esteem, assume the mental attitude of his own dignity and importance, he would really be a great man.

This very inferior attitude towards oneself disgusts people. No one admires the man who is all the time bending himself, and underrating his ability. We all like the manly man, not only able but confident, not cheeky, but courageous enough to be himself. People like the man who thinks well of himself, for if he does not, they take it for granted that his own estimate must be just, because if he has lived with himself all his life he must be in a pretty good position to judge.

A great many people are their own worst enemies. They have the faculty of demoralizing themselves by self-suggestion of their inferiority. They are always holding in the mind unfavorable thoughts towards themselves. They do not realize that this habit is a confession of their own weakness. It indicates a false pride, an exaggerated idea of one's own importance. It indicates selfishness.

It is positively as wicked to injure oneself through thought as to injure another. It is not only our duty to think well of ourselves, but to have such a high respect, such a lofty, dignified feeling towards ourselves that it would be impossible for us to do a mean or contemptible thing or to be satisfied with cheap success.

If real self respect is well developed, it will be the greatest possible protection to all the other moral faculties.

If you have a just respect for yourself because you love and admire the great underlying principle, you cannot live a vicious life or be satisfied with low-flying ideals. Your whole nature will rise the moment you get a glimpse of the justice, the fairness and the nobility, of the principle underlying self respect. You cannot do a mean, low, unworthy act until you cover up, hide or violate your self respect.

How we hate ourselves when we lose self control and say some nasty, mean, contemptible thing, or when we abuse those about us whom self-respect would make us love! For days we suffer after we have done something to injure a neighbor or competitor. We thought the revenge would be sweet, but after we had done the dastardly act, when we thought we were getting square with someone who had injured us, we tasted the bitter drugs which caused us infinite pain.

The Golden Rule is really at the bottom of self-confidence. If we do not practice that we cannot really respect ourselves. When we are conscious of taking an unfair advantage of another, we cannot but suffer and we will despise

meanness in ourselves just as much as in another.

No physical suffering can compare with that from wounded self respect; for then one feels that he is not a man, but is less than a man. No one feels so mean and contemptible as when the best thing in him steps aside for the worst, when the man gives way to the brute and passion takes the place of reason.

"Self respect is, next to religion, the chiefest pride of all vices."

Many a poor boy has gone to the city without friends and without money and has been kept from low associations, vicious habits and tendencies, because he had been trained by his mother or father to think too much of himself to descend to such vile things.

In the Episcopal service there is a phrase something like this: "We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs from under Thy table."

One of the most unfortunate phases of orthodox theology is in the debasement of man, the idea that he has fallen from his grand original estate. The truth is that he has always been advancing as a race, always improving, but his progress has been greatly hampered by this belittling idea of man or any old theology. The man God made never fell. It is only the man made inside of him that has fallen. It is only his inferior way of looking at himself that has crippled him and deteriorated him.

History is showing that the vital mistake of the Church has been its suppression of the real nature and the dignity of man. It has looked upon him as a poor miserable fallen creature, and this perverted, distorted picture has been held up to man instead of that of the divine side of him.

What could a parent call out of a child by always harping on his inferiority, emphasizing his defects, his shortcomings, his inability to do the best thing for himself; taking away from him confidence in his own power; making him a lesser instead of urging him to be strong and self-reliant?

Why, a child who was thus trained, unless he had a very remarkable mind, would never develop half his possibilities. Repression, demoralization, discouragement, the constant projecting of a perverted image into the child's mind, can never bring out the best in him. We bring out the qualities we appeal to. If we appeal to the best, we bring out the best; if to the worst, we bring out the worst.

Our theology has taught us to belittle ourselves. There is a begging element in it. There is nothing in the Bible to indicate that man should prostrate himself before his maker like a sneak or a slave, and to beg, plead and beseech his Father-Mother God for what he needs. There is nothing in such self-deprecation but demoralization. Man was made erect so that he could stand up and look anything and everything in the face, even his Maker, because he was made in His image. The trouble with us is we do not have a good enough opinion of ourselves. There is too much of the cowering, crawling in our attitude; there is too much prostration, too much of the knee-idea, in our theology. Man was not made to bow in humiliation and shame, but to hold up his head and assert his divinity. What kind of an opinion must the Creator have of a lot of crawling, cowering, sneaking human beings, who are down on their knees begging for permission to come into His august presence!

If a man is a prince, if he has divine blood in his veins, he should claim his birthright boldly, manfully, with dignity and assurance.

An old Heidelberg professor had such a high opinion of himself that he always lifted his hat reverently whenever he heard his name mentioned.

True self respect is not self-worship, has nothing to do with egotism. It is admiration of principle. A man cannot help respecting himself for being straight and clean and pure, being square and just, because he cannot help admiring these principles. They are a part of his being.

It is natural for a man to think more

of himself the better he does and the harder he tries to do right, to live straight. The more honest you are, the more you respect yourself, because you inherently respect the principle of honesty and square dealing. You cannot help despising yourself when you cheat somebody. There is something within you which says: "That is mean, low, tricky, unworthy of you. You are capable of something better than that. You have taken a step down." On the other hand, when you do a noble, unselfish act, there is something within you which says "Amen" to it, which tells you that you have taken a step upwards, and you think more of yourself for it.

Real self respect increases just in proportion to your own improvement in the great underlying principles of right, of justice, and of truth, of fairness, and decreases just in proportion to your departure from these principles.

Think of a murderer trying to respect himself, even although not another soul knows of his guilt. A had man cannot really respect himself. He may be egotistical, vain, he may make a great pretence, but he cannot thoroughly respect himself, because in the last analysis, self respect means self love. That is, it means that we love our actions, our principles, our motives because they are true and just, merciful, kind, honest.

All criminals, and all men and women who are in a demoralized condition, lack proper self-regard. If they had had a high, dignified self respect, they would never have committed the crime or indulged in the vice which has lowered them. All criminals are deficient in a just estimate of themselves. If they had not had a mean self-opinion, they could not have stooped to the dirty deed.

But compare the self respect of a Gladstone with that of a mean, contemptible scoundrel. Of course, Mr. Gladstone had a good opinion of himself, because he was a man. He tried to do the fair, square, manly thing always. He admired himself just in proportion as he exhibited principle in his

acts; and he would have despised himself had he taken the opposite course.

Why do we have such a universal admiration for the character of Washington? It is because he was a man. He had a profound respect for himself because he respected principle. He tried to do right. He had a profound respect for truth, justice and honesty. They were deeply entrenched in his nature. It was this great self respect, this love of principle and fairness and justice, that gave him his balance, his wonderful poise of character, his complacency and serenity. The consciousness of following the right as he saw it rounded out his character and made him a superb being.

The world respected him just in proportion as he respected himself. If he had taken the course of Benedict Arnold and betrayed his country, he would have despised himself and been just such an outcast. Englishmen hated Arnold for his treachery, even though it aided their own cause, because there is something inherent in human nature which compels us to hate that which is wrong, no matter whether exhibited in friend or foe. But it is doubtful whether the English or anybody else despised Arnold more than he despised himself.

It does not matter very much what happens to a man if he has managed to keep his self-respect. Everywhere we see people parting with this, their most precious possession, for a trifle, exchanging it for the temporary advantage of a good bargain, swapping it away for a fortune as though it were of very little importance.

Poverty is no disgrace when a man has done the best he could without sacrificing his self respect. If you have always been a man in your dealings, if you have been square and just in all your transactions, you can look the world squarely in the face without wincing even though you haven't a dollar.

To be without money is not poverty,

but to lose self respect is to lose everything.

What are millions of dollars of money when you cannot respect yourself, when you feel that the best thing in you has been sold out? When you have exchanged your honor and manhood for dollars what have you left?

A fortune without self respect is a sorry spectacle. There are plenty of great fortunes in this country with no self respect back of them; the owners lost it on the way to their money pile. They lost the pearl of great price while struggling for the bauble.

When a man's character stands foursquare to the world he has about all that is worth while. It is true that wealth would add something to his comfort, something to his power; but, after all, he has the chief part—the great opportunity of the highest achievement possible to man.

If we live a perfectly normal, right life, people will see our self respect in our eyes, in our faces. A man who respects himself shows it in his voice, in his bearing, in his act. And if others see us exhibit this self respect, they cannot help respecting us and having confidence in us, cannot help believing in us, as we all believe in right and truth and justice, because these principles are the very foundation of our existence.

Of course we may be misguided. But, when we know we are right, no matter if all the world accuses and persecutes us, when that little inward voice of conscience says "Right, my son, right," there is no power that can rob us of complacency or shake our calm serenity. When we thoroughly believe in ourselves because we are right, and honest and true, not even the prison or gallows can rob us of self-respect.

Self-confidence is based upon character, upon the right, and self-confidence rests upon self respect; and self respect is the power behind every great life.

## Selling the World's Toys

By Morey J. Edwards

France may be the centre of world fashion, but in the estimation of the little folk, particularly at Christmas time, Germany possesses a greater distinction. For Germany is the unrivalled toy market of the world. In the Spring of every year the "Toy Fair" at Leipzig attracts buyers from all countries, all anxious to get a line on new things in Toyland for the following Christmas trade. Every possible type of toy is displayed, and the exhibition in many ways is remarkable. This article, describing the Fair, will prove most interesting and, indeed, timely at this season of the year.

"SUPPOSE that all the new toys in the world—all the tin horns and engines, all the dolls and doll houses, all the boats and Noah's arks, and all the other things that you wind up and let run across the floor—suppose these were gathered together in one place and were placed around so you could see them all and play with them. Suppose again that they were all sold and taken away and most of the muss and rubbish cleaned up, all in one week—"

This sounds very much like the beginning of an old-time fairy-story, does it not? And yet, here's another case where truth is even more interesting than what is imagined. There is a place where almost all that is described in this "story-beginning" occurs and in a most interesting way.

Leipzig, an ancient city in the eastern section of Germany, somewhat familiarly known as a musical and educational centre, is, for a week in the spring of each year, the toy market of the world. "Early" Christmas shopping, the slogan which has recently become very familiar to most of us in Canada, should have no novelty for the people of Leip-

sig." This applies particularly from a wholesale standpoint and can be well understood when it is known that for the week of the annual Easter Fair, the city contains a gathering of twenty-seven thousand exhibitors representing all the toy and fancy goods manufacturers of Europe, as well as a few from America, together with from sixty to one hundred thousand visitors, these latter including buyers from stores and wholesale houses in practically every part of the world.

Leipzig's Fair has had a long and remarkable history. Early in the sixteenth century, so some of the local authorities say, the city's fame as a trading centre began to be widespread. In those days long caravans of wagons containing natural products, and goods produced by the simple methods of manufacture then in vogue, from the remote sections of Europe, as well as from the neighboring districts, began to travel into the town. Buyers from other sections naturally congregated where the goods were centred, and in consequence Leipzig became early a wholesale centre.



A view of Leipzig—the new Rathaus or city hall.

At first the goods were brought in at various seasons as suited the sellers. Then it was found more expedient for buyers and sellers to gather at one time, and a date of meeting was set. The system proved successful and was closely followed. The volume of business grew from year to year and now Leipzig's "Easter" Fair, beginning the first Monday in March, has become without doubt the greatest annual exhibition and market of toys and fancy goods in the world.

With us in Canada the word "Fair" associates itself more or less closely with the idea of buildings. A natural query therefore is one as to where the thousands of exhibits comprising the Leipzig Fair are housed.

In the early days, as was characteristic of the period, the buyers and sellers did their business in the city's market square. With the development of the Fair in size and importance this section has continued to be the centre of operations. So great, however, have become the benefits accruing to the city in many ways that in recent years the municipal authorities have purchased

and in several cases erected magnificent buildings adjacent to the square, which have been prepared and are held throughout the year exclusively for exhibitors' use. These structures are not such as one would expect when prepared especially for Fair purposes, but are arranged rather as our office buildings with the space allotted to the exhibitors fitted up as stores and sectional offices.

Within the last decade the Fair has, speaking figuratively, grown too large for its clothes, and now not only are the buildings in the market square utilized, but also every available foot of space in stores, offices and even residences in the section surrounding the new city hall or Rathaus, is eagerly seized on.

Several features of interest grow out of the methods of doing business in this, what might be called the world's annual fancy-goods-clearing-house.

The Fair is looked on by many of the exhibiting manufacturers as a convenient opportunity to attend to the selling end of their business for the year and, since the world's largest buyers are

always present, the yearly output of the factories of thousands of these firms is disposed of during the week's business. Considering this, it is easy to see how valuable the occasion and the space oc-

strength of the single week of business.

With such a myriad of exhibits—upwards of forty thousand of various classes of goods last year—the problem of making his location known to the



A street in the centre of the Fair section, showing the extensive use of the window and street signs.

cupied become to the individual exhibitors. With nearly all of them the Leipzig Easter Fair has assumed such an important position that they are quite willing to pay the rental for the space occupied for the whole year on the

probable or possible buyer has become a decidedly difficult one for the individual exhibitor. The first solution which presented itself was, naturally, that of advertising by means of the window sign. As can be imagined, how-



The market square in Leipzig. The buildings shown here are all occupied by the Leipzig Fair exhibits.

ever, with the growth of this system and with the eagerness of each of the firms to make a business-bringing first impression, the rivalry in the size, shape and colorings of the signs became so intense that it developed into a serious nuisance. Finally, the situation was taken in hand by the municipal authorities and a most efficient system developed out of the former chaotic one. Now the window signs are limited to rectangular notice boards two feet in depth. Even so, with the myriad of these present, in various colorings, one, and sometimes two or three being evident in practically every window in each of the stories of each of the buildings occupied, a glance down any of the streets in the central section of the city reveals a decidedly unique scene.

Another method of advertising and one which bids fair to require similar municipal legislation is of more recent adoption. Since the size and shape of the window signs have been limited the exhibitors have instituted an outside-sign system of the sandwich-man type. Business announcements of a somewhat elaborate nature, so far as size, shape and decoration are concerned, bearing the street and number of the exhibit

and sometimes a trade-mark or a reproduction of the article on exhibition, are placed at the head of poles and carried through the streets. So popular has this system become, and so numerous are the sign-carriers that frequently the streets in the more popular section of the Fair district are practically impassable. Recently a Canadian buyer, sending home a photograph showing a typical sign-crowded street, summed it up thus: "One has to have a tag to walk on these streets."

Still another method of getting buyer and seller together has been found in the issuing of a catalogue or directory of the exhibits and exhibitors. The perusal of a copy of this gives an excellent idea of the remarkable comprehensiveness of the Fair. A recent copy contained six hundred and fifty pages of closely printed addresses classified according to the nature of the goods each firm presented. The majority of these, of course, were of German firms, but representative names were also included from Russia, Holland, Sweden, Switzerland, Italy, France, Spain, England and the United States.

The question of accommodating the crowds of visitors who flock into Leipzig for the seven days of the Fair is,

quite manifestly, a large one. Many of the larger buyers cable months ahead to their favorite hotels to assure accommodation, and in many cases also, there is an understanding that the same rooms be held for the same parties for the Fair period, from year to year. The Leipzig citizens also seem to make the most of the Fair week in every way possible, and for the time, every house becomes an hotel. Leipzig stands, as well, in the centre of a thickly populated district and the surrounding towns gratefully help to take care of the city's overflow of visitors.

A chat with a few of the Canadian buyers who look on the Leipzig Fair as one of the large features of their year's business, and who on this account visit the city annually, revealed some idea of the way the matter of toy-buying is handled.

"We visit the Fair," said one of the leading dealers in fancy goods, "not so much to buy as to find out what lines the various manufacturers are presenting. The European buyers, however, do a great deal of their purchasing on the spot. When we have seen the best of the goods offered we visit the fac-

tores in the various towns and buy our goods there. We usually go over in January and return in March so that it must not be imagined we do our buying in a week, by any means." From this it can be seen that "early" Christmas shopping is indeed done by the wholesale dealers.

Aside from the Leipzig Fair itself, and yet closely related to it, may be given some interesting information as to where the various classes of toys come from. Germany, as is well known, stands alone as the toy-maker to the world's children, and in many of its towns the people are engaged exclusively in making the article so dear to the child heart. A novel feature is the fact that each of these towns specializes on a particular line of goods which it has been turning out for years in better quality or at lower prices than can be met with elsewhere.

Sonneberg, in Saxony, for instance, has turned its attention to moderate-priced dolls, and from here is sent out the bulk of the world's supply. The more expensive dolls come, of course, from France, and are characteristic of the dainty touches which can only be



Sonneberg, a typical German toy-manufacturing town.

given by the workwomen of that country. With these, however, the manufacturers of Sonneberg do not in any way try to compete.

Zudorf, again, is given up to nickel-plated goods and from here come the horns and tops that make Christmas morning a joy to the small boy and an agony to the austere grown-up. Zudorf also turns out a variety of nickel-plated ware and many lines of small mirrors.

Nuremberg, one of the quaint old cities of Bavaria, is the home of the mechanical toy industry. Here spring and clock-work motor factories abound, and here are put together the model trains and boats, the steam engines and electrical apparatus and the novel imitations of men and animals that serve so well to gladden the hearts of the kiddies at the Christmas season. Nuremberg, too, has a world-noted retail

toy shop, which, displaying goods not only of local but also of outside manufacture, gets many dollars from the pockets of touring fathers and uncles who are tempted by the apparently low prices in that city, but who find they have to make up the apparent staggering difference between prices there and at home, at the customs houses on this side of the water.

The manufacturers in these German "toy-towns" have built well. They are catering to a permanent and constantly enlarging market. So long as the child heart goes out to a toy and so long as parent love goes out to the child, the demand for their goods will continue. And, with the world's increase in prosperity and the improvement in the standard of living, the call for amusement for the world's children is bound to increase. Without doubt, the Leipzig Toy Fair is on a safe basis.

### Von Moltke's Triumphs in Old Age

COLONEL Malcolm, D. S. O., has just written an interesting text book on the Bohemian campaign of 1866 being part of a series of books on campaigns and their lessons. A reference to the great Von Moltke disproves the theory that the great works of men are done before they are 40. Many hold the theory that the great military campaigns have been planned and fought by very young men.

Von Moltke was responsible for the success of the Prussian arms in the Bohemian War and perhaps did more than any other man to make the German Empire of to-day. Colonel Malcolm points out that Von Moltke's promotion was very far from rapid. He was 58 before he received a command which gave him an opportunity to do things. "And from the say," says the writer, "from that appointment, may be fully dated not only the regeneration of the Prussian army but also the modern scientific study of the art of war which has penetrated even so far east as Japan with what results we all

know." The writer further says, "Von Moltke was a firm believer in the union of the German peoples with Prussia at their head." He was 66 when he directed the Bohemian campaign and 70 when the Franco-Prussian War broke out.

It is not generally known that Von Moltke's father and mother were Highland Scotch—the father being a Maclean who had to leave Scotland for his loyalty to the Stuarts. Under the name of Maclean he was pursued at the instance of the English Government. On the suggestion of friends he changed his name to that of his place in Germany. Naturally the son would feel bitter against the English people for the sufferings of his father and there are some who think the present strained relations between Britain and Germany date back to the original Von Moltke. They believe he inspired the building up a strong nation with an ambition to dominate England.

## The Best Selling Book of the Month

By The Editors

In each issue of Maclean's Magazine in future we will tell the story of the most popular book of the month. For this purpose we have called to our aid the editor of "The Bookseller and Stationer." This is the newspaper of the book trade of Canada. At the end of every month the leading booksellers from the Atlantic to the Pacific send a report to the editor of that paper, giving the list of the six best sellers. This will be most valuable information for our readers who want a popular book but who have until now had no really reliable information to guide them. In addition to telling what the book is about, the sketch will be made doubly interesting by the life story of the author. In no other way can our readers so readily, with so little expense of time and money, obtain an up-to-date education in current literature.

The first edition of 500,000 of "Their Yesterdays," by Harold Bell Wright has been exhausted and unquestionably the book will be the year's best seller. It was only ten or twelve years ago that Mr. Wright was a thousand-dollar-a-year preacher in the Western States. During a pastorate in Kansas he wrote his first novel "That Printer of Udell's," and securing a loan of \$50 from a friend, journeyed to New York to find a publisher. Success was not sudden, but after being re-written, the book appeared a year or so later. That was the beginning. When last year his "Winning of Barbara Worth" was on the press he refused a cash offer of \$100,000 tendered in lieu of his royalties. In the last ten years the total sale of Mr. Wright's various books has exceeded two million copies.

"Their Yesterdays" typifies the new novel in that during the last few years the novel has been growing towards the essay and the essay towards the novel. But in still another sense it is quite different: it is a novel with only two characters—a man and a woman—and with no proper names. Despite the danger of wearying the reader with the constant repetition of phrase and manner, Mr. Wright has skillfully maintained the just rhythm and balance. A less accomplished writer must surely have failed.

The book contains thirteen chapters, one for each of the thirteen "Truly Great Things of Life," namely: Dreams,

Occupation, Knowledge, Ignorance, Religion, Tradition, Temptation, Life, Death, Failure, Success, Love, Memories. The first half of each chapter relates the man's experience in one of these things and the second half the woman's experience, both parts being couched in similar language. There is a more or less definite love plot, ending in marriage, both the man and the woman remaining true to each other from a childhood's acquaintance, though neither saw or heard from the other until almost the last chapter.

The author's own thoughts, rather than those of his characters, have shaped themselves into a delightfully tender story and we see life, love and religion through his eyes. The story is told between the lines with a peculiar charm and grace—it is the soul of a story, a story stripped of the usual trappings, and the style is unlike the heavy stroke of a sword, but is rather the skilful thrust of a rapier.

In each of the characters may be found both the universal and the ideal in man and woman. To emphasize this fact the author no doubt omitted names. Fatherhood and motherhood and the clean, honest life are exalted, while numerous bits of wisdom and philosophy add flavor to the book.

Among the philosophic truths which the book contains there are many which present the profound problems of life in a style which is both striking and convincing.

## Review of Reviews

In this department MacLean's will run each month a synopsis of the leading articles appearing in the best current magazines of the world. An effort is made to cover as wide a range of subjects as possible in the space available, and to this end the excerpts quoted are carefully summarized. In brief, readable reference is made to the leading magazine articles of the day—a review of the best current literature.

### Guarding Public Men from Assassination

No Public Man is Quite Safe From the Attacks of Anarchists and Cranks Unless Precautionary Measures are Taken for His Protection

THE attempt to assassinate Theodore Roosevelt at Milwaukee and the subsequent report that extraordinary measures are being taken in consequence to protect American public men have served to draw attention to the fact that in these days no public man is ever quite safe from the attack of anarchist or crank. Recognition of this fact is, perhaps, less apparent in America than in England and on the Continent. But even in the United States it is obvious that precautionary measures against the bullet of the assassin must be taken.

England has never been so vigilant in the protection of her public men as she has been for the last year or two. Guards are constantly thrown around all of those who are prominent in the government—with or without their consent. The London Sketch of recent date comments on the necessity for providing more guards for the leading figures of the country, and makes the assertion that the women of England are in some measure responsible for the anxiety felt for the safety of distinguished men. Referring to the guard that is constantly at the elbow of Lord Kitchener, the Sketch says:—

"The precautions taken to safeguard Lord Kitchener while on his return to Egypt within the last few days have been described as unusual. Possibly if inquiry were made in the right quarter it would be found that not the precautions, but the discovery of their existence, constituted the

'unusual.' There is more shepherding and shadowing of our notabilities than is known to most of us.

"Every one is aware that members of the royal family, whether at home or abroad, are guarded night and day, but during the last year or so an unobtrusive protection has been extended both to most members of the government and to imperial figures such as Lord Kitchener. It is doubtless quite true that Lord Kitchener kicks against his civil guard; they all do. They have to be guarded in spite of themselves.

"It is not for our warrior pro-consul to say that he will not be guarded; he is a great State institution so long as he continues in harness and must be protected, like the Bank of England and the Crown Jewels. None of us forgets that the breed of families is not extinct. There are three misguided sons of Egypt undergoing imprisonment at this moment for complicity in a plot against Lord Kitchener's life; and it was but three years ago that, at a reception at the Imperial Institute, the mad Indian, Dhangra, discharged his infamous mission at the cost of life prison to the Empire. If he frets under benevolent surveillance, Lord Kitchener is in good company.

"All the Cabinet in England is now guarded night and day as if each were a Czar of Russia. Our bill for secret police work is heavier to-day than it has been since Fenianism was rampant. And the irony is that women make necessary much of the expenditure.

"When our notabilities visit the Continent they are still under the closest supervision. Scotland Yard has no secrets from Paris, and Berlin and St. Petersburg exchange confidences with London and New York. We all wondered, perhaps, how it was that when a certain dangerous anarchist suddenly quitted his quarters in America the other year his house was raided and found to be a bomb factory, and that the police were ready for him when he landed in Hamburg with a plot against the Emperor William up his sleeve. It was at St. Petersburg that the counter move was set on foot, and the fast came out quite unexpectedly in a totally different connection. When the bank robbery at the Astor Library, in New York, was being investigated, the chief witness for the prosecution was a Russian spy.

"It was shown that the Russian government maintains secret agents in all the important libraries in America to watch the persons calling for books on anarchy. But the best of guardians themselves need protection, and the chief detective of Warsaw has told us how it is done. When he had received his fifteenth Terrorist sentence of death he confided his secret to a friend. His protector is a tame anarchist. This youth was implicated in an anarchist murder. At the eleventh hour he was provisionally pardoned, on the understanding that his life would be secure so long as his chief lived, but that he dies if the latter comes to a violent end.

"In England we do not stick our sleeves

into regulation blue and big boots to advertise their vocation. The excessively numerous corps of gardeners manning about the grounds of Lord Morley's home at Wimbledon three years ago, after the murder of Sir Carson Wylie, were in reality emissaries of Scotland Yard, just as were the caddies with enormous bulging pockets who used restlessly to accompany Mr. Balfour over the links in Ireland during his perilous Chief Secretariat. Every "caddy" was a heavily armed secret police officer.

"And the night that Lord Aberdeen acted as coachman and the present Lord Gladstone as footman to the G. O. M., on the latter's drive from Hawarden to Soughton, they were the private detectives, then whom Gladstone would have no other, though a straight 'tip' had gone down from the Home Office that an attempt was to be made to assassinate him in connection with the death of O'Donnell, extended that day for the murder of Carey, the informer.

"Defiance of precautions has more than once produced safety. Lord Morley lodged his guards in Ireland, and thus escaped snare. So did W. E. Forster, who once, giving the detectives the slip, took the only route for which his would-be assassins were not prepared. And Gladstone, walking home by an unusual way from Carlton House Terrace, missed Townsend when the latter lay waiting ready to fire the pistol at him, found in his possession by the officer who was out to see the Statesman to his home by the accustomed path."

### Madame Paquin on "How I Create Fashions"

One of the Paris Creators Tells of the System Which She Follows in Evolving a New Gown—Novel Methods of Creation

A FEW men and women in Paris create the fashions of the world for women. One of the leaders is Madame Paquin. The woman who is fortunate enough and rich enough to have her dresses made by Paquin is generally one or two years ahead of style in this country. Madame Paquin has written an interesting article in "Vogue." She argues that "Fashion" is "Art" and that Paris is the only place in the world where real fashions are conceived because the atmosphere and setting are wonderful

for fostering art and patterns. She then explains how she evolves a gown.

"How do I work?" you ask. Well, when the time comes for making models, I have everything that industry has manufactured for me put into one room; color, patterns, silks, lightness, rich muslins, silks, satins, cloths, laces and embroideries. This gives me a wonderful palette from which to create my pictures.

The method of this creation is not always the same. Sometimes certain colors catch



my eye. I may, for instance, see a pale lilac, and next to it may be lying a dark, peculiar red or a very strong blue. The combination strikes me. I take these colors and try to perfect their harmony by means of a piece of lace or embroidery. When I have found the best way of relating them, I consider the line and form which would most suitably develop the motif set by this combination of colors and materials.

Or again, I may reverse the process. For a form which presents itself in definite outline to my mind I try to find colors and materials suitable to its most perfect realization. I do not always visualize the shape of the whole gown. An idea may come to me for a particular manner of trimming, or an original décolletage, or a sleeve of a certain style. Details such as these may appear to me in pure form without any vision of the materials or colors to be employed. In this case I select these later, after I have built up on some talent detail the entire robe.

At the beginning of every season comes the momentous question, "What will be worn this year?" Is it to be Louis Seize, Directoire or Oriental? Seldom does the

couturier use any one pure style. If he receives "a lead" from some of these styles, he must, after all, evolve from it something modern, and something all his own. In order to do this, he often transposes, by unconscious recollection, impressions he has received of old modes, and thereby becomes a creator.

Again we are undoubtedly affected, sometimes in spite of ourselves, by exterior influences. Everything that happens in society, aesthetic Paris has an effect more or less pronounced on Fashion. There can be, for instance, no doubt that the Russian Ballet had an immense influence on colorists. But these various influences may be so differently reflected that the same cause leads to almost contrary effects. Tradition protects us from too facile a subservience to passing influences. An influence must justify itself, or custom will prompt us to act against it. The ancient tradition of "good taste" is ingrained in our nature, and although at times we do not realize it, we are always under its beneficent control. This much I hope I have made clear; that much more goes into the creation of a gown than merely the putting together of so much stuff, or so many trappings.

## Fortunes in Films

Rise of New Type of Theatre and Photo Plays Creates New Profession of "Moving Picture Actors" and Yields Big Returns

THE public is at last awakening to the fact that the early twentieth century has evolved an entirely new form of dramatic entertainment. At the present moment the American people are spending \$500,000 a day on moving-picture shows. There are at least 20,000 places in the United States that are devoted to this form of popular amusement. Not far from 300,000 people, in New York City alone, daily witness these performances. In the United States, half a million people are engaged directly or indirectly in the moving-picture industries and the varied business represents an investment of \$300,000,000. And the motion picture is more than a diverting photographic toy. It is creating a new class of theatre-goers, a new type of theatre, a new kind of actor, and a new species of dramatic writing. Its use as an agency in education, in political and social reform, is already

widespread. Though it was generally despised a few years ago as a demoralizing influence, there are those who foresee the time when it will be extensively used in the public system of education, in the colleges, the scientific laboratories, and even in churches and Sunday schools, writes Bessie Mueson in *McClure's Magazine*.

Describing the rise of this "new type of theatre" the writer relates how eight years ago a New York showman, Mr. Marcus Loew, who then ran a "penny arcade" in Harlem, happened to be spending a few days in Covington, Kentucky. In one of the streets his attention was attracted by a loudly howling and wildly gesticulating person in front of what appeared to be a dilapidated store. This gentleman, like the familiar Bowery "barker," was rancorously advertising the merits of a performance about to take place within. In spite of its

generously proclaimed excellence, the price of admission was modestly placed at five cents. That, as Loew observed, was what was attracting the multitudes. For the crowds were certainly coming. The "barker" was the whole show. After "selling out the house"—a matter of one or two hundred tickets—he stationed himself at the entrance and acted as ticket collector. Then, the crowd once admitted, he himself worked the moving-picture apparatus, and also delivered the "lecture." There was not much to lecture about, but the speaker made the most of his opportunities. The spectators had no seats and the room was only dark for ten minutes, after which the showman pushed his spectators out, and, taking up his stand outside, began attracting another audience. He informed the inquiring Mr. Loew that, up to within a few weeks, he had been a house-painter, at twelve dollars a week. This new enterprise, which he had apparently originated himself, was yielding him a profit of sixty.

So far as Mr. Loew's knowledge goes, this was the world's first moving-picture "stone show." At least, it was the first time that he had ever seen one. To test the thing, Mr. Loew opened a similar establishment on the opposite side of the street. It was somewhat more elaborate than the ex-house-painter's, and more generally advertised. The price, however, was the same—the inevitable five cents. The first day the place was opened, there were five thousand people pounding for admission, although only two hundred could get in. Loew rushed back to New York, changed his penny arcade into a moving-picture theatre, and began leasing available stores all over the city. A new theatrical industry had seen the light of day, and many new millionaires, including Loew himself, had been born. In a twinkling a million theatre-goers in New York City alone—the people of the tenements who seldom ever saw the outside of a regular theatre—had come into existence.

After tracing the rapid growth of the moving picture industry from its initial stage, Mr. Mueson dwells on its more recent development as embodied in photo plays necessitating a new kind of stock company—moving picture actors. Out of the blurred, jerky and unnatural movements which spoiled early films, there came an improved type. About four years ago Frank E. Wood prepared a play that depended for success, not upon rapid, convulsive movements, but upon natural acting. Several producers declined it because it was a "slow picture" and was

therefore over the heads of their audiences. But the Biograph Company brought it out with great success. It was this play that really taught the moving-picture men their real usefulness in the amusement field. Up to that time they had been considered nowhere there among the demand for plays. Newspaper and other writers suddenly discovered a new market for their work. In the "scenario writer," literature developed an entirely new figure.

And now real actors went into moving pictures. There was another development—the moving-picture stock company. Now were the men and women who took to the new field necessarily played-out dramatic backs. Joseph Jefferson was one of the first to pose; Blanche Walsh has done Tolstoy's "Resurrection"; Ned C. Gowdin recently rehearsed "Sibyl" for the camera. In France, Bernhardt, Rajane, and Jane Harding are moving-picture actors. Many smaller lights have left the "legitimate," and definitely gone over to the moving-picture stage. The largest producers have stock companies of from twenty to forty men and women. The new field offers many advantages over the old. The pay is smaller, but the income is larger because employment is regular and lasts for fifty-two weeks in the year. There are no "one-night stands," the moving-picture actors have permanent homes, and work usually only in the daytime.

The next remarkable movement in the moving-picture business began about four years ago. At that time the block of buildings on which stood the old Manhattan Theatre was razed to make way for a department store. A fugitive amusement producer of New York, known as "Archie" Sheppard, leased the Manhattan week by week, pending its destruction. He caused something of a sensation when he announced that he intended to put a moving-picture machine in this high-class theatre. For years the Manhattan had been one of the most famous play-houses of New York—the place where Mrs. Plaks, among others, had brought out many of her most artistic productions. That this theatre should drop from "Betsy Sharp" and "Hedda Gabler" to "photo-plays," and the price of the seats from two dollars to ten cents, certainly seemed to indicate a new development in public amusement. No one, so far as history records, had ever before put moving-pictures as a steady diet, in a standard theatre. The experiment, however, proved enormously popular. The building was packed every afternoon and night for the auc-

ceeding year and a half. When it was torn down, William J. Gane, Sheppard's successor, had established a moving-picture clientele which was yielding him profits of almost three thousand dollars a week. As he could not afford to lose this, Gane erected a large

new theatre in the same neighborhood, designed exclusively for moving-picture shows, which he named the Manhattan. In the two years he has managed this house he has made a large fortune. Daily and nightly he is still "turning them away."

## Faking as a Fine Art

Confessions of a Newspaper Writer who Served Under the Master Faker of the Business—How Stories are Colored by Sensational Press

The American Magazine for November contains the confessions of a newspaper writer "who, for twelve years served under the master faker of the business." The name of the master in question is "Berghand." By way of introduction the writer says: "Every story about which I shall tell will be found in the files of the newspapers on which I served under Berghand. I worked for him when he was City Editor of one paper, when he was News Editor of another, and when he returned to become Idea Man for the first paper. In each of these capacities he has won fame in the newspaper world. In each capacity he developed the art of faking to its highest degree. But in the positions he used three methods. As City Editor he printed the truth, but 'built it up,' magnified and added to it, colored it to suit himself. Either that or he invented stories and found real people, not averse to publicity, to 'stand for them.' As News Editor, dealing largely with foreign affairs, he manufactured stories about real people and real happenings. It was as Idea Man for one of the greatest newspapers in America that he reached the highest stage of development as a faker and invented the system of writing fiction as if it were true and truth as if it were fiction."

From the outset the writer of the article "made good" in the Berghand school. His first assignment he describes in the following strain:

"He handed me a three-line clipping from an afternoon paper which said that John Jones, 1492 Brown Street, was badly burned when gasoline set fire to his clothing. 'I found Jones in a hospital swathed in cotton. He was an engine repair man. His clothing, saturated with grease and oil, caught fire and he was severely scorched. Berghand appeared annoyed when I reported the facts to him.

"'You want to see him?'" he asked. "That's the best way to spoil a good story. The facts aren't worth two lines. I wanted a good story."

"All right. You shall have it," I replied, nettled by his tone.

I wrote a story called "How Mr. Jones put himself out." According to the story Mr. Jones had found moths in a suit of clothes her husband wore while working around the house and soaked the clothes in gasoline. Mr. Jones went to tend the furnace before the clothing was dry and attempted to light a match on the seat of his trousers. A moment later he leaped through the basement window and commenced rolling and turning somersaults in the deep snow of the yard. The wives of two neighbors were passing and looked on in astonishment. Jones saw them. He sat up, pulled snow over himself with one hand until buried to the wrist, while tipping his hat with the other. He was uncertain how much damage had been done to the rear of the trousers and dared not arise, also the snow was soaking.

I was amazed when Berghand hurried to my desk and said:

"That's the idea. Exactly what I want. Deal in essential facts. Get names spelled correctly. Use commonplaces, things everyone knows, to support unbelievable statements. Build up. Never leave down."

"But the story isn't true," I argued.

"He burned himself. His name is Jones. They are the essential facts. Build up around them. Add color. Add motion. Make everything possibly true. Everything might have happened. The injection of commonplace statements completes the convincing quality of it."

Such, then, was his first experience. Gradually he became quite proficient. Indeed, the entire staff was composed of ex-

perits. Continuing, the writer tells us: "It was a peculiar staff. Four rewrite men wrote practically the entire paper while perhaps a dozen 'picture chasers,' low-salaried boys, were employed to do the leg work and telephoning. I was 'Utility,' the man next to me was 'Sobs' who could wring the 'heart interest,' beyond him was 'Heavy' who handled financial, political and weighty matters, and beyond him was a sour, pock-faced fellow called 'Joak,' who wrote the alleged humor. Berghand supplied practically all ideas. Understanding his methods so well naturally the heavy share of the rewrite fell upon me. Imagine turning out eighteen columns of type—25,000 words, half a novel—each day, six days a week. I worked hard, but forgot it in wondering at the work of Berghand. The 'car barn bandits' were waiting to be executed in Chicago and one of my duties was to write a daily story about them and to suggest the illustrations. These were exciting times. I remember one morning about the time three murderous boys were captured, Berghand flew into a furious rage:

"Some one stole my type of blood-bloods," he almost screamed.

"Your what?"

"My type of bloodbloods. I wanted half a page picture of the type of bloodhound that is chasing the bandits."

To illustrate how this master faker worked. One morning he came rapidly down the line of desks.

"Story about one of the car barn bandits reading 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" he jerked out. "Never read it before. Open new thoughts."

"What doing, Sobs?"

"Story about Ghetto woman, heartbroken, deserted," grinned Sobs.

"Take her society woman, settlement worker. Hint that man is Yale graduate. Nobody interested in common people. What doing, Heavy?"

"Gas combine story."

"Say Perkins and Rockefeller crowd backs it. Strong on oysters. Make big table showing how much Rockefeller, Morgan, Perkins, Hill, Carnegie and Astor groups are worth. Write head: 'Are those millions to crush the use of gas?' What doing, Joak?"

"Tailor suing photographer who had shop upstairs."

"See photographer opened skylight and stole all tailor's."

Every half hour or so he made the rounds, suggesting stories, urging improvements,

creating stories. It sounds incredible, but it is true, he was evolving an edition an hour out of his brain.

One other instance of faking will be sufficient to show the trend of operations—this time in foreign news. The writer recalls having seen only two genuine cable dispatches in the office. One was on the Martinique disaster. The other came at the period of Russia's internal ferment. The message was handed to him with orders to write 1,500 words as rapidly as possible. It read thus:

St. Petersburg, Jan. 14.—Attempt assassinate Czar way almost unsuccessful.

Confoundably, he tells us, it is easier to write 10,000 words about nothing than 1,500 words from six. Facts are dangerous.

I strove, he continues, to analyze the message—"Way ambush." Clearly if the Czar was on his way to church the attempt was made in the Nevsky Prospekt, for he worshipped at the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, which is at the other end of the famous boulevard along the Neva from the Winter Palace. The weather bulletin that morning had announced snow in Russia. Therefore the Czar would ride in the royal drosky. Times being troublous the Czarina would not be with him. Isvolsky, the Procurator, would be with him and also my old friend Mitshenko, who had been made the Czar's personal bodyguard. If a bomb had been thrown, I figured, some one would have been hurt, probably some of the Cossacks who rode beside the sleigh, but as no mention was made of anyone being hurt it was evidently not a bomb. It would be impossible for anyone to reach the Czar with a knife or to conceal a shotgun or rifle. By deduction I decided a revolver was the weapon. I pictured the Czar, with the Procurator of the Holy Synod reclining beside him on the silken cushions; Mitshenko at the helm of his Yangtze boat; Madden, sitting stiffly erect, the green and gold Cossacks galloping alongside. A man stepped from the silent ranks of citizenship and fired at him. The Cossacks spurred their iron-shod steeds over the incense (always good) bodies of helpless women and children until the new fallen snow was crimsoned with the blood of the common people. It was a good story. Berghand said it was; a fine, colorful, adjective-laden perfect story.

An hour later a wretched contemporary tin whistle upon the old-fashioned idea of buying news, appeared. It had a one-cent, unimpressive headline over a two hundred and fifty

word cable message dated St. Petersburg. It gave a terse account of the attempt to kill the Czar. It related that he was in an ice break in the middle of the Neva performing the annual ceremony of blessing the waters of the river when an artillery-

man in the Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, on the opposite bank, fired a cannon in that direction. Otherwise my deductions were all right. And—believe it or not—Bernhard assured me for "reckless perversion of facts."

## Danger in Diversifying Interests

Stick to Your Own Business—Because You Are Successful in One Line is no indication that You can Conquer in All Fields

THE Knox Automobile Company attributes its present financial troubles to having embarked in the truck business. So long as it confined itself to making a fine pleasure car all was well. But going into another, though allied line of business, brought serious trouble. Similarly with the McCrues-Howell Company, the wiping out of the entire equity of its stockholders is due primarily to a policy of getting into too many widely diversified fields of operation. Again, the U. S. Motor failure, while put down to lack of working capital, is in part due to the making of too many models of its different machines.

Bankers say that one of the commonest causes of the financial troubles falling within their daily experience is a too-vaulting ambition. For example, a man is successful in a certain line of business and conceives the idea of putting up a fine building and renting surplus floors to other concerns. The building costs more to erect than he expected, his equity is small, and a great deal of the space remains unrented. Without realizing it, he has gone into a business different from his own, and which he does not understand—the real estate business—and then the banker is asked to come to the rescue.

A specialist on investments, says Princeton, was asked about the securities of a certain large and famous corporation. "I do not regard them as favorably as I once did," he replied. "The company shows a tendency to go into the manufacturing of all sorts of side-lines and is even taking up retarding in some of its phases. At present the profits are growing, but the risk has been increased several times over. If this concern experiences a setback it is surely going to happen as a result of having spread out too thin."

What lesson can be drawn from such instances? Of course, it would be foolish to

lay down a general rule that a manufacturer ought never to add to his original line of endeavor. The Heinz line owes its strength to its fifty-seven varieties. The enormous dividends being paid by the Eastman Kodak Company are not due so much to the original hand-camera business as to the company's alertness in laying hold of the moving picture craze and thus expanding in a new industry. Claffin, the wholesaler, became Claffin, the retailer, as well, and up to date has made a great success of it, when other wholesalers, less keen to recognize the trend of the times, have been forced out of business altogether.

The most that can be said in a general way is to sound a note of caution to business men who, because they have been successful in one line, are prone to conclude that they can conquer in all fields. Let them read in October Harper's Magazine the story of what happened to Mark Twain when he adventured into the book publishing business and the manufacture of type-setting machines. A wonderfully successful author and lecturer, he was wrecked financially when he departed from his real trade. That is the first test a business man should apply to a new undertaking. Is it a logical, natural outgrowth of my main business? If he can answer that question satisfactorily, it will then be time to take up such other points as: Have I the necessary capital, and the requisite energy? Is the game worth the candle? and so on. But always should be borne in mind the fundamental principle that the burden of proof in considering a new project rests not on the individual but on the project itself. If business is not approached from this angle it ceases to be business and becomes speculation. Many a manufacturer has paid a high price to learn the simple truth that the greatest operating economy lies in duplication on a large scale.



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